Aug. 17, 1929
REF. STACK 6
Price 15 cents

THE NEW YORKER

When you look through the automobile advertising in newspapers and magazines—it reads like a roll-call of performance-with-safety features originated by Stutz.

Four years ago, Stutz first introduced safety glass all around . . . It is just beginning to appear on other cars!

In 1926 the Safety Stutz first brought out low-weighted safety—engineered into the chassis by frame design and by the adoption of the worm drive.

Ever since that time, other cars have been whittling down, inch by inch—making wheels smaller—cutting down head room inside the body to LOOK as low as the Stutz. But Stutz still has a floor line more than 20% lower than the conventional car—with plenty of head room above it and plenty of road clearance below.

At the 1929 Automobile Shows, Stutz created a sensation by introducing Noback—a remarkable safety device which automatically prevents backward rolling on inclines, without use of the brakes . . . Now Noback has been adopted by another car.

But mark this fact—it takes ten other automobiles combined to give you what you get in ONE CAR when you buy the Stutz—and in addition, Stutz still has several major features all its own!

That is why we say, "when automobiles really go modern, they will imitate the STUTZ."

And there is still plenty of room for imitation.

Only Stutz and Blackhawk give you real protection from side-collision—by solid steel running boards integral with the frame.

You can take the Stutz out on the open road—spin the speedometer up to 60 miles per hour—and gently come to a full stop in 142 feet 6 inches. Three-fifths the distance required by normal brakes! Can any other stock car match this deceleration?

Valve-in-head motor—overhead cam—safety glass—Noback—dual ignition—dual carburetion—worm drive—double-drop frame—transmission with four forward speeds—Ryan-Lites—you get them ALL in the Stutz and Blackhawk.

PERFORMANCE-WITH-SAFETY! That is what you get in the Safety Stutz and Blackhawk.

An automobile fortified against every hazard of traffic—yet a car which will win any feminine heart by its inner luxury and outer beauty of line.

That, in brief, is the Safety Stutz. The leader which appeals to leaders. Until you sit behind its wheel, you cannot know all that a modern car should be.

SAFETY STUTZ AND BLACKHAWK CARS

STUTZ NEW YORK COMPANY, INC.
Broadway at 62nd Street
Park Avenue (Ritz Tower) at 57th Street

NO OTHER CAR MAKER COULD TRUTHFULLY SIGN THIS ADVERTISEMENT

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE AT THIRTY-FOURTH STREET
TELEPHONE: MURray HILL 7000
NEW YORK

In the mood of the new elegance...

Panne Velvet Evening Frocks

Two significant Altman frocks of panne velvet, emphasizing the moulded silhouette, the tiered skirt, the cape back.

Black, blue, corn, pistache, red, and the dahlia shade

$65

MISSES' DRESSES — THIRD FLOOR

PRESENTING:

A BASICALLY NEW

created by a French chemist

A little shop on the outskirts of Paris produced this revolutionary idea in skin care

named by the Empress Eugenie

The beautiful Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon III, gave the liquid its name, Ambrosia

first made to the private order of America's notable women

Since 1902, Ambrosia has been made to the private order of the most famous women of the stage and the social world

a sensational success in New York

Announced to the public only a few months ago, Ambrosia has been enthusiastically received by New York's fastidious women

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 26, August 17, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929 by the F-R Pub. Corp.

BEAUTY DISCOVERY

that cleanses the skin as nothing has ever done before

Medical authorities agree that ordinary methods of cleansing the skin with greasy preparations are not efficient. No doctor of standing would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin of a patient.

He knows that the dirt that clogs up the depths of the pores, the dirt that coarsens and ages the skin, cannot be removed by a grease. Only a liquid can float out the deep-lying dirt and tenderly cherish the radiant youth of the skin.

Ambrosia, the new liquid cleanser, does this in one minute. Apply Ambrosia on cotton. It penetrates instantly into the pores, floats the deepest dirt onto the cotton. There is no grease to get in the hair, nothing to wipe away.

The makers of Ambrosia do not make a cream, but recognize its great value for softening a dry skin and advise its use after every particle of soil has been removed with Ambrosia. Swift, special treatments for each type of skin, are given in the Ambrosia booklet that accompanies each bottle.

As easy to use as your compact, liquid Ambrosia is more than a cleanser; it is actually a one-minute facial. You feel Ambrosia enter the pores. You know it is toning the skin. Clean pores close naturally, making the skin-texture fine and clear. Powder smooths on and stays exquisitely.

Carry a pocket flacon in your purse; use it wherever you happen to be, at home, in your car, on the train, in town. Know the joy of looking your best each hour of the day.

The patrician flat-backed Ambrosia bottle can now be obtained at all better specialty shops and department stores: $1.50, $2.50, $4.50. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Ave., New York City.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 24. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M., for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Agreeable farcical comedy by John Drinkwater, which centres about an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild in a frivolous mood does an insignificant Cinderella play but does it beautifully. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—A young girl pretends prospective maternity to break off an engagement. Thoroughly entertaining comedy. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—Extraordinarily fine play of British gentlemen fighting a gentlemen's war. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—An amusing tempest in a Westchester teapot, with Francine Larrimore as the cause of it all. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

STREET SCENE—Life, love, and sudden death in a New York tenement, vividly portrayed. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

BROADWAY NIGHTS—Shubert vaudeville on a large scale. Dr. Rockwell brightens things up occasionally. (44th Street, 44, W.)

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Typical Earl Carroll show, with better comedy than usual and the same high-grade girls. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—Gay and fast, with corking music and plenty of comedy. Recommended unreservedly. (46th Street, 46, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The music, dancing, and comedy are all there. One of the best of last season's offerings. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—Black-and-tan revue. Very good in spots but not quite up to the standard set by "Blackbirds." (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Thurs. Special performance Tues. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—Smart, witty, and refreshingly unpretentious revue, in which Clifton Webb, Libby Holman, and Fred Allen figure prominently. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE NEW MOON—Grave, operatic doings in old New Orleans, enlivened by Gus Shy and some superior dance routines. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—Venice? Hardly. But you'll find typical Shubert revue numbers, broad comedy, the tumbling Michons, and Ted Healy. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW GIRL—An uninspired stage-Cinderella story which you'll probably enjoy because of Jimmie Durante, Dorothy Stone, and Ziegfeld trimmings. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

WHOOPEE—The usual Ziegfeld lavishness and beauty, with the dynamic Eddie Cantor to keep you amused. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," a delightful commentary on yesterday's theatre, is at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—John Charles Thomas will continue at the Palace through Fri., Aug. 23. Lester Allen and Dave Apollon will be there Fri., Aug. 16. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47. 2.15 and 8:15 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:15 P.M.)

OPENING OF NOTE

Opened too late for review in this issue:

MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC—John Murray Anderson's new revue, with a cast which includes Trixie Friganza, Jimmy Savo, Roy Atwell, and Fred Keating. (Erlanger, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dinner dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Joseph Urban's modernistic decorations and Leo Reisman's music. Dancing during dinner and after the theatre.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Cool and attractive; Rudy Vallée, in person, after the theatre.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), dinner and dancing in a Persian Garden; open until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music and blue-and-gold décor; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), worth the trip for the harbor view. . . . Other roofs and near-roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33; and Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, not up-in-the-air, but cool nevertheless.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two of the more interesting places of this type are: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, where the roof slides back on warm nights; and Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, with Frances Williams and Jack Smith.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

HARLEM—You cannot get into some of the most amusing places without a knowing guide, but you will find The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134, worth visiting. Go about 2 A.M. for the late shows.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—A few roadhouses within an hour's drive of Times Square are: Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, outdoor dining and dancing; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., featuring Arnold Johnson and his orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pelham Heath Inn, Pelham P'kway, Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Show Place, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Texas Guinan, very much in person; open all night. . . . For Coney Island sea-food dinners: Feltmans' Maple Garden, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

ALIBI—Night clubs, holdups, and even the domestic moments of the police and the crooks, make this thoroughly exciting. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 17-19; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE COCK EYED WORLD—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe again, in the sequel to "What Price Glory." Rough-and-ready and amusing picture. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; performances continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—English heroics in Africa, with the wild beasts of the jungle providing the real interest. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE WAYWARD PRESS	26
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	33
THE TENNIS COURTS	34
POLO	38
THE THEATRE	44
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS	48
LONDON LETTER	54
THE RACE TRACK	57
TEE AND GREEN	60
THE CURRENT CINEMA	63
MOTORS	65
RECENT BOOKS	68
AMONG THE NEW BOOKS	70

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

Below—*An oblong Cashmere sapphire of rich velvety blue flanked by triangular diamonds set in platinum. The price is* $12,500.

FOR SHE'LL HAVE RINGS ON HER FINGERS

GIVEN her choice, the young modern will doubtless prefer town cars to elephants and a knowing pair of slippers to bells for her toes. But guided by some sure and primal instinct, she'll still have rings on her fingers wherever she goes.

It's an addiction too pleasant and effective even to consider changing. For ever since her cave-dwelling days she has been aware of what this ornament can do. Simple at first, it has since been significantly crested and embellished at the hands of countless master craftsmen. But with all this artistic heritage it has today become an ornament possessing a subtlety of design and a distinction of setting peculiar to our own dynamic age.

Even in this day she may "go primitive," but only in a most personal and sophisticated manner . . . ever with an eye to line and color. Her rings now bear a significance even more pointed than before. For as the expression of her personality, each jewel becomes an explicit index of her taste. And her rings will always be the most noticeable of her ornaments.

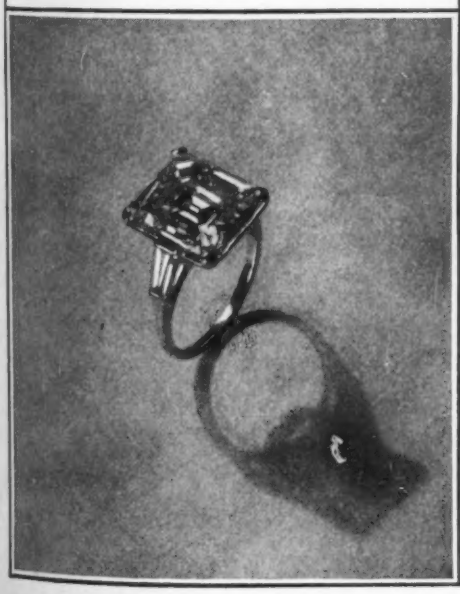
It is upon consideration of the existent order that Marcus & Company have assembled their distinguished ring collection, which is represented today on the fingers of many women notably proficient in the fine art of living.

Above — *A stunning ruby which is set in a plain platinum mounting with fancy diamonds. The price is* $32,500.

•

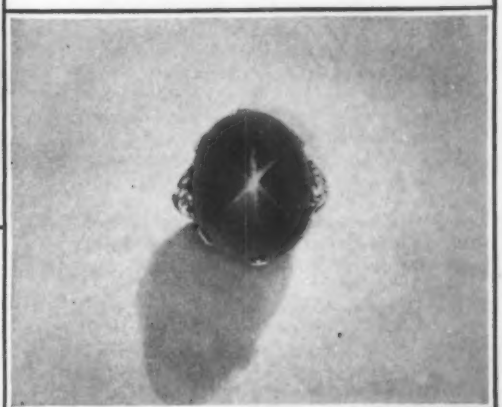
Below — *A large square emerald of superb color is flanked by diamonds and set in platinum. The price is* $25,000.

Below — *A magnificent emerald-cut diamond set in platinum paved with diamonds. The price is* $30,000.



Above—*Two interesting platinum guard rings. The one set with square diamonds is priced at* $525. *The one with square emeralds,* $975.

Below—*A lovely deep blue star sapphire mounted in platinum with two large triangular diamonds and thirty small diamonds. The price is* $8500.



WM. ELDER MARCUS, JR. **JEWELERS** CHAPIN MARCUS

MARCUS & COMPANY

Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, New York

London *Paris* *Palm Beach* *Bombay*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, AUGUST 16, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 24. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 4)

THE LAST OF MRS. CHEYNEY—Drawing-room comedy with Norma Shearer as the lady burglar. (Capitol, B'way at 51; performances continuous from noon.)

THE MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU—From the Sax Rohmer thrillers. Lots of excitement, though slowed up by the dialogue. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:45 A.M.)

NIGHT CLUB—Incisive little sketch of our pleasure haunts. (Little Carnegie Playhouse, 146 W. 57; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Bulldog Drummond," fine camera work lifts this thriller above the average; "Charming Sinners," the movie alias for "The Constant Wife," with some good comedy by Ruth Chatterton; "The Greene Murder Case," the Van Dine mystery of the old manor on the East River, excellently screened; "Hungarian Rhapsody," a silent German picture of Hungarian country life that is delicate and charming; "Piccadilly," London night life in a good, silent English film, with Gilda Gray and Anna May Wong; "Thunderbolt," underworld activities and prison-cell jocularities, featuring George Bancroft; "Wonder of Women," poignant and stirring picture in which Peggy Wood demonstrates the tragedy of marriage with an artist.

ART

AMERICANS—Best of the younger group, Kuniyoshi, Blume, Dickinson, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

DECORATION—Summer show of what is called Modern Art, for home use: Contempora Exposition of Art and Industry, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., until 4 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Paintings by André, Loiseau, Monet, Morisot, and others: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MODERNS—Examples of the best contemporary European and American artists: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

MORE MODERNS—Collection of good American and French paintings: G. R. D. Studio, 58 W. 55. Open Fridays only, 1 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Last concerts of season: Fri. and Sun., Aug. 16 and 18, at 8:45 P.M., on Central Park Mall. . . . Sat., Aug. 17, at 8:45 P.M., on N. Y. U. Campus. (Take East Side-Jerome Ave. subway to N. Y. U.-Burnside Ave. Sta.)

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting; concerts nightly at 8:30 P.M. (Anna Duncan will dance Tues. and Wed. Eves., Aug. 20 and 21.): Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

STARLIGHT OPERA—Free open-air opera, Thurs., Aug. 22, at 8:30 P.M.: Starlight Stadium, Bronx River at 177. (Take Bronx Park subway to E. 177 St. Sta.)

ON THE AIR

PACIFIC LITTLE SYMPHONY—Hart conducting: Fri. Afts., Aug. 16 and 23, at 4 P.M., over WJZ.

LIGHT OPERA—"Blossom Time." Act II: Fri., Aug. 16, at 9:30 P.M.; Act III: Fri., Aug. 23, at 9:30 P.M., over WJZ. . . . "Ruddigore," by Gilbert and Sullivan: Wed., Aug. 21, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF.

GOLDMAN BAND—Last N. Y. U. Campus concert of the season: Sat., Aug. 17, at 8:45 P.M., over WJZ.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Shilkret conducting: Sat. Eves., Aug. 17 and 24, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting: Sun., Aug. 18, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., Aug. 20, at 9:30 P.M., over WOR.

RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., Aug. 18, at 11:30 P.M., over WEAF.

UNITED SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: Tues., Aug. 20, at 7:30 P.M., over WABC; Wed., Aug. 21, at 9 P.M., over WOR; Thurs., Aug. 22, at 7 P.M., over WABC.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., Aug. 20, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

REINALD WERRENRATH—Baritone soloist, with Buffalo Civic Symphony Orchestra: Thurs., Aug. 22, at 10 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds: Giants vs. St. Louis, Sat., Aug. 17, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Chicago, Sun., Aug. 18, at 3 P.M., and Mon. through Wed., Aug. 19-21, at 3:15 P.M.; Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 22 and 23, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat., Aug. 24, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

DOG SHOW—Rhode Island Kennel Club Show, Newport, R. I., Sat., Aug. 24.

HORSE SHOWS—Newport Horse Show, Newport, R. I., last two days, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 16 and 17. . . . East Hampton Riding Club Show, East Hampton, L. I., Sat., Aug. 17. . . . Ox Ridge Hunt Club Show, Darien, Conn., Sat., Aug. 24. . . . Southampton Riding and Hunt Club Show, Southampton, L. I., Sat., Aug. 24.

POLO—Play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L. I., every Sun. Aft. at 4. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 2:24 P.M.)

RACING—Saratoga, N. Y.; races weekdays at 3 P.M. (Last train leaves Grand Central at 10:03 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:35 A.M.)

TENNIS—Eastern Turf Court Championship, Westchester C. C., Rye, N. Y., through Sun., Aug. 18. . . . Women's National Championships, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L. I., Mon. through Sat. Afts., Aug. 19-24. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 12:55, 1:11, 1:33, and 2:07 P.M. Additional train Sat. only at 1:41 P.M.) . . . Newport Casino Invitation Tournament, Newport, R. I., Mon. through Sat., Aug. 19-24.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Cruise continues: Vineyard Haven to Newport, Fri., Aug. 16; King's Cup Race, off Newport, Sat., Aug. 17; Class M Races, off Newport, Mon., Aug. 19. . . . Championship races on Long Island Sound: Port Washington Y. C., Sat., Aug. 17; New York Athletic Club, Sat., Aug. 24.

NOTE—Two of the best pools in town are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M., and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). There is a pool for women only in the Barbizon, Lexington at 63.

THE CAR WITH THE TWIN-IGNITION MOTOR

WE SUPPOSE there isn't anyone interested in motoring in America today who doesn't know that the Nash "400" is the car with the Twin-Ignition motor.

But do you know just what that means, in terms of performance and motoring satisfaction?

There is more to it than simply 2 spark plugs per cylinder, instead of the customary single plug.

The two spark plugs fire simultaneously —double the fire produced by one plug. Combustion is quicker, smoother, more thorough. This makes possible and practical a much higher compression.

And the result in engineering figures, is that the same Nash motor with Twin-Ignition, instead of single ignition, produces 22% more power, 5 more miles per hour top speed and 2 extra miles from every single gallon of gasoline you buy.

It is a new experience for experienced motorists to drive this Twin-Ignition-motored motor car. Words are really inadequate to give you an understanding of the smooth, quiet, responsive rhythm of this new type of power--of the strength, vigor and decision in Twin-Ignition getaway—of the instantaneous, unhesitating change of pace from one road speed to a higher one.

Therefore, don't let anything prevent you from driving and knowing the Twin-Ignition-motored Nash "400", *before you buy your new car.*

NASH "400"

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

There is a Nash Dealer in Your Immediate Neighborhood

WARREN-NASH MOTOR CORPORATION, New York, N. Y.
(And Associated Dealers)

(1006)

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

More Varied Than Ever . . .

Our New Collection of

PEARLS OF THE ORIENT

A famous authority has said of these cultured Oriental Pearls, "As they are of exactly the same substance and colour as the natural or 'uncultured' pearl, there is no reason why they should not have the same value—each sort has the same lustre and sheen, a quality which cannot be imitated by any form of 'paste' or artificial pearls!"

Necklaces 300.00 to 15,000.00

JEWELRY—STREET FLOOR

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE odds ought to be eight hundred to one on Mr. Walker, not eight to one. It may be true that in the time he devotes to civic affairs he personally does little, beyond changing a police commissioner and handling such matters of broad policy, but his attitude toward accomplishment does not seem to be antagonistic and somebody, we know not who—the borough presidents, or the bosses of Tammany, or the civil-service engineers in the Department of Plant and Structures, possibly—gets some things done, subways built, tunnels dug, streets cleaned, asphalt laid—not enough, Allah knows, but some. The city struggles on. Meantime Walker does things of infinitely greater importance. He lives. He is gay, carefree, obviously happy. He makes

whoopee, stays up late, rises late. He dresses snappy and talks snappy. He dines with the Biddles and is photographed with Colleen Moore. Thus he has become the symbol of some odd million glamour-starved souls numbly seeking escape from reality. In importance he ranks ahead of Roxy's, Babe Ruth's home-run score, Ziegfeld's chorus, the tabloids, the Edison test, the Snooks case, or Lindbergh's or Rockefeller's private lives. He's five hundred years ahead of his time. Or maybe only one hundred, at the rate we're going.

ASIDE from a few scattered cases of nervous breakdown, we have not noticed that this mad age is any harder on people's constitutions than previous periods in the world's history. There are times, though, when one's mental balance is maintained only by reverting to the more soothing influences of a bygone day. This was the

case with a man we know who became very fond of modern music—the George Antheil variety, which is full of dissonances and racket of one sort and another. He spent hours studying it and listening to it. After a bit, he got sick. His physician, finding no pathological weakness, concluded that the modern music was getting him down. The doctor arranged that his patient should hear "Liebestraum" and a few nice old love songs each day. The man's recovery was rapid.

WE advocate a return to the old-fashioned letterhead. The modern letterhead is too chaste, too restrained, not interesting. The reason we happen to bring up this vexing subject is because we've just received a letter from the Horlick's Malted Milk Corporation, of Racine, Wisconsin (the first we ever received from them, incidentally), and there, folks, is a

letterhead! We spent fully ten minutes in silent admiration of the scene—a pastoral, covering nearly half the page, depicting a sweet-faced dairymaid fully two inches high, her right arm around the neck of a Horlick cow, her left arm holding a can of milk, all about her daisies—myriads of them—and in the background a rippling stream along whose bank four other cows and a calf are grazing, while beyond are harvest fields full of ripe grain being gathered into sheaves; in a peaceful valley to the left are the laboratory buildings, smoke curling from their stacks. Each daisy, mind you, as plain as the nose on your face; each cow as motherly as a cow can be and still stay in the picture. That's what we call a letterhead! The scene so fascinated us that (come to think of it) we never got around to reading the letter—which is an added argument in favor of going back to the old-fashioned letterhead.

AN authority tells us that soon (within eighteen months, he says optimistically) the airplane will be only

ten per cent pilot and ninety per cent airplane. At present it is ten per cent airplane and ninety per cent pilot; when the pilot does something foolish he and his passengers have scant chance of surviving. The future flying machine will be able to outwit a negligent or foolhardy pilot, at least long enough for somebody to overpower him and take the controls, says our authority. This cheers us up. We would ask one other improvement, and that is the sequestering of endurance fliers. All persons going up in the air for the purpose of staying two weeks or a month should be segregated so that they can-

not be confused with air-mail pilots and beginners who can't manage their planes and keep going round and round. New Jersey would be a good place for endurance flying; it's flat and has time for such things. Moreover, all the endurance fliers in America, circling around all at once, would give the Jersey folk something to look at.

Painting on the Wall

LANDSCAPES and other scenes painted on the exterior walls of buildings are not common any more but they are no longer a great novelty, what with those put up around roof gardens, children's playgrounds, etc. Gay decorations of the kind we mean —not primarily advertising signs— adorn the walls adjacent to the new Sherry Building in Madison Avenue.

Members of the older generation say that the credit for originating this kind of mural goes to the late Mr. Lyman G. Bloomingdale, founder of Bloomingdale's. He got the idea while travelling in Europe. He didn't see such walls over there, of course, but he was so impressed by the quaintness of Nuremberg that upon his return he engaged an artist from the honorable sign-painting firm of Disosway & Fisher, of Brooklyn, still in existence, by the way, to reproduce some of the old-world beauties on the west wall of his store. That was in 1904. Mr. Lyman Bloomingdale died before the completion of the work but his son, Samuel, carried it out. Completed, it attracted a good deal of attention, being the first of its kind. It was a mélange of marble terraces, leafy trees, old Nuremberg houses, a sylvan bridge, and a fountain in which two marble cherubs struggled over the possession of a marble umbrella. This striking scene, which occupied several thousand square feet of brick, bore the simple legend, "All Cars Transfer at Bloomingdale's." The bright colors were refreshed every year and the thing could be seen for a mile or more in those days of fine visiblity.

About fifteen years ago, Bloomingdale's tired of old Nuremberg and Samuel called in Disosway & Fisher again. They painted out the old sign and executed another, the one depicting a cross-section of the interior of the store, which has been there since. It is less exotic but is thought to have more sales appeal. It has been remarked that two deer heads painted into the scene seem extraneous. These were a little joke of Samuel's on his brother Hiram. Hiram was quite a huntsman and the deer heads represent a pair he shot about the time the sign was made and of which he often spoke.

All this is timely now because the mural is soon to disappear, obliterated by the new building which will rise beside the store. Bloomingdale's is proud, however, of the fact that it originated this kind of art, even if it really never got very far, and also that it was the first concern to give away big striped sun-shades to the drivers of horse-drawn vehicles.

Revision

A COURIER who made a forced ride from Hollywood, using up much faithful horseflesh on the way, brings word of "The Taming of the Shrew," which Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have filmed out there. The picture is titled thus: " 'The Taming of the Shrew,' by William Shakespeare. Additional Dialogue by Sam Taylor." He doesn't know whether it will be shown generally that way, however, as there was considerable comment about it up and down the Pacific Coast.

Cigar House

CIGAR smoking is another thing that isn't what it was once, but according to Mr. Dick Steere, who has been the tobacco specialist at Park & Tilford's for twenty-five years, there are still many connoisseurs who take cigars quite seriously, find fault with them, sigh over them, and who can tell much by the color of the leaf, its odor, and its feel. Among the most notable experts he knows are Mr. O. L. Dommerich, of 50 East Sixty-ninth Street, Captain David Hanrahan, of Park Avenue, Dr. P. W. Nathan, of 110 East Seventy-eighth Street, Mr. Louis Shour of Fifth Avenue, and the Messrs. Held of Scarsdale and Cotton of Bar Harbor.

Mr. Steere presides over one of several elaborate humidors in the city. It is deep in the cellar under the Park & Tilford store in Fifty-seventh Street. The walls are panelled with Spanish cedar, behind which is, first, a lining of cork and, second, a false wall of plaster. This combination makes the best town house for a cigar. The interior is lined with shelves piled high with cigars, some rare imported ones in especially fancy boxes. Above the shelves are some seventy-five private lockers rented by serious smokers who have their cigars made to their special blend a thousand or more at a time. Mr. Steere cares for these and delivers them to homes as wanted.

The humidor is kept at seventy degrees and two machines pump moisture into it. The worm, bane of the cigar, has been overcome by a special steaming process. The most expensive cigar on hand for sale is the Hoyo de Monterrey. The ordinary size costs a dollar each. There is an eighteen-inch size to be ordered at five dollars apiece. Once a Chicago millionaire bought a hundred of these for his yacht. Mr. Schulte, the president of Park & Tilford, is a cigar smoker and has a private locker in the humidor. He puffs through a dozen a day.

•

THE subway guard at the Bowling Green station (to set down another of the vagaries of his kind), jerks open the car doors, flings in the passengers, rams them home, and slams the bulging door shut again. Then he brings his hard hand down with a thump on the car's iron side. "Take it away!" he bawls, and they take the train away.

Violin Maker

IN an old brownstone in Eighty-sixth Street near Second Avenue, as a great many of the musicians of the town know, Paul Glaesel and his two brothers make and mend violins. It was related in these columns that but one music-box repairer is left in this great city, and but one firm still in the

business of decorating shaving mugs. Unlike these industries, the violin business is flourishing. There are perhaps a hundred violin-making and repairing places. The Glasel shop, usually filled with musicians come in to talk things over, is as popular as any. It is a maze of instruments. Violins and cellos in various stages of ill health hang down from hooks in the ceiling, or lie on shelves. Hair for the bows is stretched across wooden frames that look as though they might be used for old-fashioned weaving. Hundreds of bridges hang on the walls. Paul, the shop's master craftsman, a shortish, good-natured man in his middle years, is usually to be seen bending over a violin or cello which is held in a special kind of flat frame, its inwards exposed. He fits and glues with the delicacy of a surgeon.

Mr. Glaesel has been at his craft here for twenty years, but he began work long before that, when he was fourteen, in Markneukirchen, Saxony, where he was born. That is about the age all violin makers go into the trade there—his father began at fourteen, and his father's father before him. Markneukirchen is noted for its violin makers. People come or send there from all over for violins, cellos, parts of instruments. Almost all of the men in the town of eight thousand are in the business, and the women occasionally assist, too, in such lighter work as sorting the hair for the bows. Mr. Glaesel has a book containing the names of the great violin makers since the fifteenth century and there are eight hundred from Markneukirchen, twenty of them members of his own family.

As for the making of new violins, it is all done by hand, and thousands of instruments are turned out in the shops of New York. Much of the wood is imported, and there is no such thing as a domestic bridge, it seems. Some cheap violins are termed factory-made, but they are so designated because the whole instrument is not made by one man but is assembled by workers who specialize in various parts and turn them out in large quantities. The violin workers have no guild or union, but they get together once a year at a picnic on Long Island.

". . . And, fellow members, if I have any thought to leave with you, it is this—"

Tale from the Hills

A GENTLEMAN returned from the South tells a story about a colored family of rural Georgia that for years had saved up trading stamps and finally accumulated enough to send to Atlanta for a fine, ornate cuckoo clock which they had long before picked out in the catalogue. It was duly received and placed on the mantel, the only fitting place in the one-room house, and to make room for it, the trusty rifle of Pappy Jackson, head of the family, had to be removed. He grumbled about this, but finally found a place for the gun over the doorway. The Jacksons, like their neighbors, had always told time by the sun, accurately enough for all practical purposes. They had never seen a clock before and had no idea what one was for. But this clock was ornamental and they were pleased, and they audibly admired it from time to time. One day a stray salesman for something came through the

county and explained the workings of the instrument, and its purpose. He wound it up and left it ticking, much to the amazement and satisfaction of the entire family, all save Pappy Jackson, who was absent at the time. He returned a short while later, unfortunately just at the hour. The clock opened and out popped a small bird who chirped at him several times. He took his gun down from its pegs and shot the bird, and that was the end of the clock.

The gentleman who relates this anecdote deposes and says that it is true and that, moreover, in the same village he came upon a small colored girl whom he heard respond to the name of Corliss. Inquiring of her mother as to how she came to select this name, he learned that on the day she was born a new sewage pump had been installed in the town and, it being named Corliss, the new babe was christened after it.

Animal Insurance

A POINT having been made of the fact that the gorilla which came here in the Zeppelin was insured with Lloyd's for seven thousand dollars, one of our restless odd-fact informants got to work and dug up the news that a special company handles that kind of thing in this country, the Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company. Coverage is for mortality only, not accident. Many policies are written on polo ponies and blooded cattle, the rate being from five to seven per cent of the value. Circus animals are not considered good risks because of the transportation hazard. No policies are accepted on dogs because their life is too variable.

Babel

OUR story about the shopkeeper who got his tin tacks confused with Tintex, owing to his nationality, brings a report from a gentleman who motored in from Greenwich last Sunday evening. He stopped at a wayside refreshment stand which an old Jewish gentleman was attending. "White Rock," he ordered. The old man looked puzzled for a moment, then busied himself behind the counter, turning water on and off, etc., at the end tossing a wet cloth on the counter. A somewhat lengthy silence ensued, finally broken by the motorist, who asked, "Where is the White Rock?" The proprietor, a little bit irritable now, pointed to the cloth. "Dere it is," he said. "Dere is your vet rog."

New Fish for Old

WE had a lucky break when we went to see the new fish at the Aquarium. A large fuzzy man in his shirt-sleeves startled the murmuring crowds by beginning to sing "The Sidewalks of New York" at the top of his voice to the two sea lions. He was hustled out by a burly guard. "Politics," explained another attendant to us, wiggling a forefinger at his brow. The sea lions are from California, Hoover's state, and it boldly says so on their placard, and that angered the fuzzy man, a staunch old Smith supporter, and started him singing.

The new specimens—almost a thou-

"Oh, the fifteenth floor is lovely, but it costs more. On a clear day you can see Hackensack."

sand—are drawing big crowds. The recent acquisitions are in the tanks to your left as you enter, on the first floor (upstairs the same old mud-puppies and hellbenders). Even if there were no newcomers, it's always fun at the Aquarium. "Lookit," said one girl to another, pointing at a yellow-fin grouper, "ain't that just like Lyle?" Ourself, we saw an old economics professor of ours among the orange tilefish (their skin is sometimes used to scratch matches on).

The groupers and the angel-fish attract the largest galleries. They are very colorful. One species is a bright lovely blue, such as we have never seen before on sea or land. The color schemes in the recently re-arranged tanks might have been supervised by Ziegfeld or Earl Carroll. Indeed, we think they were. A placard on the Nassau groupers' tank, for example, says that they can change color rapidly —"as many as eight different phases of coloration in as many minuets." The groupers execute, of course, no minuets—minutes was the word someone had in mind—but the confusion is rather pleasant. The new fish do not change color in a flash, like traffic lights, which annoys many watchers ripe for miracles. Fish are subtle colorists. You have to pick one out and watch him carefully. Then you will see him change from a light brown to a light blue and so on. One does a black-to-white alteration, and vice versa, if you give him time and he is feeling like it. There are some porcupine fish which puff up and shoot out prickly spines, and some swellfish which can inflate to twice their normal size in order to come up to the surface and see what is going on. A variety of puffers used to be plentiful in New York harbor, but they aren't any more, possibly because the novelty of coming up and seeing the same old harbor has worn off.

Virtually all the new fish were caught off the Bahamas. They take the place of a number of fish which died in the Aquarium. While the newcomers are southerners, a few are occasionally found in the ocean up this way. For instance, the black angel-fish "sometimes strays north to New Jersey."

The green morays, which we always visit when we go to the Aquarium, are still alive. One or two of them are in their third year here. Morays are desperate, eel-like fish, uglier than snakes. They'd kill a man as quick as look at him. The oldest moray in captivity in this country lives in a tank at Washington. He has been there seventeen years and is still desperate.

The Changeless

A LITTLE while ago we reported that Mr. Norbert Kates is still carried in the telephone book although he ordered his phone taken out six years ago and has been in Europe ever since. Now we are told that Mr. J. C. Hammond is listed as living at 41 Monroe Boulevard, Long Beach, although he sold the house at that address and moved away fourteen years ago. Not only that, but the house burned down, was rebuilt, sold, and has been resold and rented many times since. The number is Long Beach 138 and the listing is in the Manhattan book.

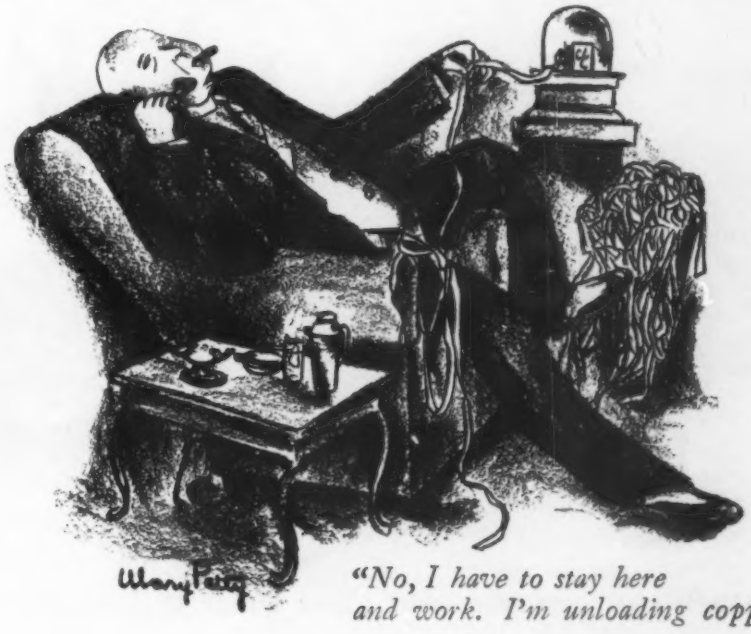
Up and Up

THE question of what is to be the tallest building in the world is itself up in the air at the moment higher, even higher, than the contemplated structures themselves. Mr. Chrysler, it will be recalled, in announcing plans for his proposed building, billed it as the "highest inhabited structure on earth." Hardly had the echoes died down than plans for No. 1 Wall Street were announced. "The highest building in the world." So that there would be no mistake about it they went further and became specific—"taller than the Chrysler Building." This naturally led to difficulties and these were approximately cubed by the fact that Mr. William Van Alen had been commissioned to design both buildings. Never, so far as he knew, had an architect been placed in such an awkward position before. Things have been going along in his office strangely —staff divided into two, each side commanded to secrecy, secret codes, two kinds of hog-Latin employed, secret passageways, workmen pledged. All most complicated. What will happen to Mr. Van Alen nobody knows, but observers think it likely that when both buildings are done Mr. Chrysler will probably release a ten-thousand-ton, collapsible, unfolding, one-man top on his building and be countered by No. 1 Wall Street with a semi-floating Zeppelin superstructure, and that the duel will then begin all over again. Reports from Tasmania are that everything is quiet down there.

Like Old Times

AN interne says this happened—and you know internes. In his hospital the elevator operator is a man who used to work for a department store, but was let go because he drank. The operator found that running a car up and down in a hospital was a silent, depressing business. He could no longer chant "First floor—ladies' hats, trimmings, lingeries, notions, etc." and he had rather liked that. Brooding, he drank again and one evening last week a surprised visiting physician, being taken up in the car, heard the fellow say, as he let him off at the third: "Third floor—laboratories, high blood-pressure, basal metabolism, miscellaneous tests—step lively, please."

—THE NEW YORKERS



"No, I have to stay here and work. I'm unloading copper."

"Come now, you must thank Uncle William for the nice million dollars."

THE SEASON AT SARATOGA

It's All Science and Skill

HOW is the racegoer at Saratoga going to play the horses, or "ponies," as someone has called them, successfully? There are several methods.

In the last analysis the winning of a race depends on the horse and the jockey. The owner and the trainer may talk themselves blue in the face giving instructions to the jockey before the race (and the paddock is often practically cerulean from this very cause) but when the horse and jockey leave the starter, the rest is up to them and them alone.

If, then, we pursue this line of thought to its logical conclusion it would seem that the most reasonable advice that could be given a racegoer would be to become either a horse or a jockey. Well, it is a pretty difficult task to become a jockey, but in this day and age it is even harder to become a horse, unless you happen to be specially qualified.

Even if one did finally succeed in becoming a horse, what then? Is there a future in it? Just stop and think a moment. How many famous race horses of yesteryear have found themselves in their old age, unhonored and unsung, pulling a hansom cab down Fifth Avenue or a fruit vendor's cart up Ninth? No, I could not bring myself to advise any young man anxious to win his way on the racetrack to attempt the task of becoming a horse, unless I thought he could make good. There is more of a future in the automobile.

We may safely assume that most racegoers will not care or will not be able to become either a jockey or a horse. The next thing that suggests itself is to win the confidence of a jockey; of a good jockey who wins races. A figo for the confidences of your jockey whose horizon is limited to the rear of the horse in front of him! Winning a jockey's confidence is, however, no easy job. He is guarded against the world by a stern cordon of owners, trainers, and Pinkerton detectives. The only infallible way I can think of to get on the right side of a jockey is to become his mother. A lad's best friend is his mother and a jockey is a lad. He would be apt to tell his mother the lowdown on his chances of winning. But here again we are up against a snag. I for one have neither the time, the inclination nor the self-confidence to attempt the task of becoming a jockey's mother, and I feel sure the great majority of racegoers are in the same boat.

THIS brings us to a consideration of the so-called occult methods of beating the ponies. This method works beautifully, but only for a chosen few. The great bulk not gifted in this direction have to depend on the purely scientific or objective method, which involves such factors as studying the "dope," getting up at 5 A.M. to watch the early morning workouts and listening at keyholes to conversations between Harry Payne Whitney and his trainers.

What are these supernatural gifts which enable a person to divine the winning horse? Women are more apt to be endowed with them than men. There is a certain group of highly psychic women who pick winners by the process of shutting their eyes and sticking a pin into their program at random. They bet on the horse in whose name the pin sticks. I tried this once but the pin landed in my thumb. I fled from the track in a rage, but discovered when it was too late that a horse named Thumb won that race at forty to one.

A racegoer considers himself very lucky if he was born with a caul. Money won by persons born with a caul is known as caul money. Persons who are seventh daughters of seventh daughters are likewise apt to have a psychic intuition at the track. In making that statement I realize that the reader who knows his turf history will immediately twit me by saying: "What about the late Pittsburgh Phil? He was the most successful plunger the racetracks ever knew." I reply that Pittsburgh Phil is the exception proving my rule.

There are other occult advantages. It does no harm to wear a rabbit's foot, preferably the left hind foot of a rabbit shot at midnight on Hallowe'en at a moonlit crossroad where a suicide has been buried. It is also well to avoid black cats. A totem pole is a help. A great many racing devotees have their private totem poles. Saratoga is full of these poles, which often grow to a height of fifty feet. It is considered an evil omen if, just before a race, one falls on you.

Now we come to the scientific, or objective, method of determining to a nicety, or so close to a nicety that it would be mere bandying of words not to call it a nicety, what are the chances of a given horse, with a given jockey mounted, of winning a given race.

LET us attack this method chronologically and begin in the morning. At Saratoga, more than at any other racetrack, it is the fashion to go to the course just after dawn to watch what are known as the morning workouts. It is considered nothing to see as many as six or seven swells, fresh from a night at the Brook or some

"Howard! Have you any ideas on how you want me this evening?"

other local casino, at the track on one morning. The vicinity of the Saratoga racecourse is studded thickly with pines and, especially in the early morning, there is a magnificent tang in the air that makes the old feel young and the young feel positively pre-natal.

I ALWAYS meant to go back a second time and watch those dawn workouts, but my first experience did not come out quite according to my plan. I got to the track at 5 A.M., watched the jockeys breeze the horses, and accumulated a deal of data on horses in every race that afternoon. Then I went home, fell asleep and did not awaken until I heard somebody mention something about shaking up a cocktail. I awoke with a start and found that it was 6 P.M., and the folks were back from the races. What I should have done, of course, was to arrange to have someone mention shaking up a cocktail at 2 P.M., in which case I'd have awakened then with a start and got to the races in time.

Oh well, I doubt if it made any difference. I doubt if the data I collected at the track that morning had any great value. After all, I don't know much about horses. I have the same trouble with horses that I have with the Dolly Sisters. I never can tell one from the other. When I think of the wasted years I spent trying to tell Rosy from Jenny Dolly; years that I might have spent in archeological research, or in making some good woman happy! I gave up trying when one day I met one of the girls in front of a Seventh Avenue Coffee Pot.

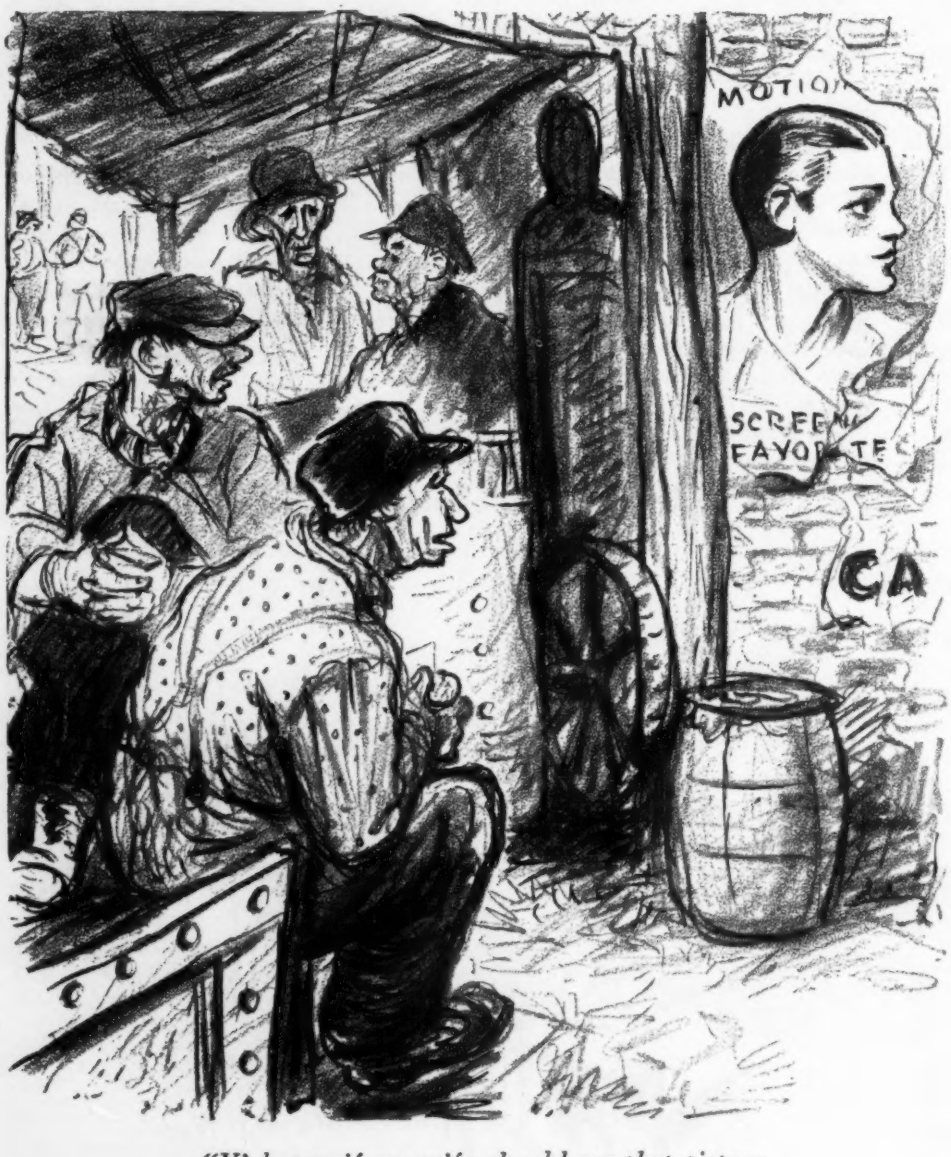
"Ah," I said, "I have it now. At last! *You* are *Jenny* Dolly, aren't you?"

But she turned out to be one of the Fairbanks twins.

LET us now take up the study of the "dope." This is the record of the past performances of each horse and jockey, all down in black and white in a number of racing papers with names like *The Daily Racing Form*, *The Tuesday Gelding*, or *The Weekly Brood Mare*.

Suppose you like the looks of a filly named Kitty in the fourth race at Saratoga. You want to find out what Kitty has accomplished. Is she a mud horse? Is she good on a fast track, or a slow track, or neither, or both? Is she best on a high track, a low track, a track made of white porcelain tiles, or a track that rolls up inside its shell at the approach of an enemy? You turn to a copy of *The Friday Filly*, which contains data answering all these questions. You find therein that Kitty is a brown filly out of Gas by Jiminy and that at Empire City on June 20 she did three-quarters of a mile on a slow track in 1:15⅘. But you then find that at Latonia on the day Uncle Ned was buried, which was the day before Precious tipped over backwards from her rocking chair off the front stoop, Kitty made the same distance on a muddy track at Latonia in much, oh very much, faster time than at Empire. Then you find that on the day before the D.A.R. started their convention at Washington, Kitty was left at the post at Belmont Park on a track that was neither fast or slow, but just kind of negative, or wishy-washy.

How are you going to reconcile all this conflicting data? My conclusion is that you'd be a fool to try. You have your life to live and you have enough on your mind now with the situation as it is in Manchuria. The first thing you know you'd be flat on your back with an attack of brain fever. After all, the answer probably is that poor Kitty has her moods, even as you and I, and on days when she doesn't feel like running fast, she isn't going to run fast, and if Mr. Charlie Schwartz, or whoever owns her, doesn't



"Y' know, if my wife should see that picture she'd wanta hang it up in the bedroom."

like it, he knows what he can do. How would *he* like to run around a mile track on a day when every bone in his body ached?

I THINK there is a moral to be drawn from the story of the filly Kitty, and from the sport of racing in general. Isn't it true, my friends, that—like the filly Kitty—we all have our tracks in life? Has not Fate given a track to each one of us, on which we must Run our Race? Are not some of us slow on a fast track and others fast on a slow track? And, like the filly Kitty, do we not all have moments when the temptation is strong upon us not to give to Life the best that is in us; when we do not feel like "running"?

THE moral we should draw from racing at Saratoga is simply that we ought to try to do our very best in the track that is given us, no matter how humble. We can't all be fillies like Kitty, but we can run our race so that when "curfew tolls the knell of parting day" we shall know that "the man worth while is the man who will smile, when everything goes dead wrong."

Dare I hope that I have in this little article given the reader some hint of how to play the races successfully? Of course, in concluding, I must tell you that I do think the best solution of the whole problem is the one that has been worked out by the Wideners, the Gerrys, the Whitneys, the Vanderbilts and the other families prominent in racing. That solution is simply this: Be so rich you just don't give a damn whether you win or lose.

—FRANK SULLIVAN

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THE NAVARRO. Exceptional hotel suites with serving pantries overlooking Central Park.—*Adv. in* THE NEW YORKER.

Oh, you can't please a butler.

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS COPS

Patrolman James F. ("Dignified James") O'Shea, Shield No. 7510, has kept Seventy-second Street and Park Avenue safe for perambulators for almost ten years. Motorists know him for his austere reserve toward them, but, confidentially, he has never made an arrest. December 25 is the biggest day of his year.

• •

OF ALL THINGS

MAJOR LA GUARDIA has wisely called a halt upon the derisive term, "Jimmie the Jester." The most engaging thing about our current mayor is his lack of specific gravity.

•

The *Herald Tribune's* support of the Republican candidate has reached the scientist's goal of absolute zero. Its editorial page is now the coolest place of entertainment in town.

•

There may be ways of deciding whether Walker or La Guardia is the better man but there are no instruments delicate enough to tell which is the wetter.

•

Melancholy is the news that our childhood friend, *The Youth's Companion*, has been gobbled by *The American Boy*. The announcement uses a politer term, but one swallow does not make a merger.

•

Statisticians say that this is the twelfth time Briand has won the premiership. Another dozen, as we understand it, gives him permanent possession.

•

Messrs. Coolidge and Smith were guests at the Rosenwald luncheon here but neither would tell what happened. These literary fellows are not giving away free words this season.

•

A motorcycle endurance record was established on Long Island last week. We are reliably informed that there was no stowaway.

•

Cooler weather is at hand. Plays are coming back to Broadway and pajamas are going back to bed.

•

From the Orient comes the alarming news that the Soviet and Chinese armies are facing each other over the international boundary. Americans know only too well what happens to people who go near a border.

•

Jesters are excited over the proposed baby automobile. It will mean a lively market for reconditioned Ford jokes.

•

Senator Smoot went camping with the President and explained the sliding sugar scale. If we were going fishing the first thing we would think of leaving at home would be Senator Smoot.

•

Dr. Doran says his department will not interfere with noble experiments in the home. If grape juice gets unlawful the good citizen should incarcerate it in a barrel.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Man, can you imagine that dripping in butter and fried to a golden brown—yum!"

• •

WEEKEND

THE country weekend is a sacred institution in England. No Londoner, if he can help himself, will be caught spending Saturday and Sunday in town. If bad luck—that is, no invitation—keeps him in London these two days, he seals himself in his diggings on Friday *post meridiem* and does not emerge before Monday *ante*. That's how sacred the country weekend really is!

Fancy then, after a long season of furtive weekends in London, the thrill of getting this letter:

THE THICKET,
WAPPING WHICHET,
DORSET

DEAR COUSIN:

I have looked into the letters which you so kindly sent along about this time last year and I am pleased to find that you seem really to be my first cousin twice-removed. If you feel inclined for a bit of country air won't you run down for this next weekend with us? We shall expect you at the train which arrives at nine minutes past five on Friday afternoon. The governess will meet you with the dogcart. Your train back to London leaves Wapping Whichet at three minutes before four on Sunday afternoon.

We trust that you will have been vaccinated as the smallpox epidemic now raging in London has not encroached on Wapping Whichet.

Sincerely yours,
PATIENCE PIGGOTT

My cousin, twice-removed! Mrs. Patience Piggott, The Thicket, Wapping Whichet, Dorset, twice-removed. Would I get vaccinated? Rather!

IN due course the governess met me at Wapping Whichet station in the dogcart. As I got in beside her I asked about possible young cousins three or four times removed. Oh, she replied, the children had grown up and departed long ago, but she had just kept staying on with the family to look after the dogcart and other things. We jogged along to The Thicket, which turned out to be a nice old thing covered with ivy, and inside its drawing-room Cousin Patience twice-removed turned out to be a very erect old thing in pince-nez, whereas Cousin Ellis twice-removed-by-marriage turned out to be a florid old thing with a syphon in one hand and a bottle of Vat 69 whiskey in the other. He was quite a relief after Cousin Patience.

She looked me over. "Where is your red ribbon?" she asked.

"My red ribbon?"

"I thought all recently vaccinated people in England wore a red ribbon around the left arm."

I didn't know what to say.

"Maybe," boomed Cousin Ellis in a hearty manner, "the girl wears a—"

"Really, Ellis!" said Cousin Patience.

She told me afterwards, on the stairs, that I mustn't mind his simple ways. They both had simple country ways, she said—that is, she herself would have thought there was no better place for vaccination than the old-fashioned left arm.

"Oh, how divinely quiet it is here!" I exclaimed, as I entered my room. And then, for the first time, the cuckoo clock began cuckooing.

"Six o'clock already!" I said. I counted six cuckoos. I counted sixty. I counted six hundred. I sat down then and counted till I lost count. Then suddenly I laughed and laughed. I had it! It must be that old wag Cousin Ellis, fooling with a cuckoo clock. Simple Dorset humor.

I MEANT to mention it at dinner, but there was something about Cousin Patience that made mentioning of any kind difficult. Besides, I became more and more absorbed in Cousin Ellis' simple ways. Food, for instance, meant simply nothing to him. As for drinks—well, for *apéritif*, fish, wine, pudding, and liqueur he used the same thing, viz., Vat 69 whiskey. He never lost his presence of mind though, except once when, the pudding coming in all in flames, he tried to put out the fire with the Vat 69. He apologized with dignity. He had meant to use the syphon, he said.

After dinner Cousin Patience wanted a rubber of bridge. She sent for the governess to make a fourth, but in the end it seemed better for the governess to see Cousin Ellis up to his room. That ended the bridge.

I myself was in bed before ten o'clock. It was still daylight. Oh, wasn't the country simply wonderful! How had I endured London all this time? How often, too, could I plan on being invited to Wapping Whichet? Ten o'clock. There went the clock now. Cuckoo-cuckoo-cuckoo — I counted ten — cuckoo-cuckoo — ten times ten—cuckoo-cuckoo—ten times ten times—good old Cousin Ellis—how I laughed—cuckoo-cuckoo—ten times ten times ten times ten—I sat up in bed and began nodding my head with each cuckoo—ten times ten times ten times....

At seven in the morning it was still going on. Seven-seventy-seven—seven hundred seven. Look here, I said to myself, I'm going to tell Cousin Patience about dear old Cousin Ellis and his perpetual-motion cuckoo clock. But when at breakfast she told me how she had planned such a jolly day and how we were going to gather cowslips with the rector and then take tea with the vicar, well, after that, I simply couldn't tell on Cousin Ellis.

Cousin Ellis' tastes became so simple as that day passed that as we came in from tea with the vicar the governess was just going upstairs with him hanging across her shoulder. Dinner was rather dreary without him. Moreover it had turned cold and rain had set in. It poured. There was no cuckoo clock that evening. Cousin Ellis had certainly succumbed to his simple Dorset ways.

I SLEPT soundly. But I woke at gray dawn. Cuckoo-cuckoo—I rushed to the window. The rain had stopped. But the grass was wet and there, on the wet lawn, sat Cousin Ellis.

"Look here," I said. "Won't you please stop fooling with that clock? I don't get a wink of sleep."

After some time, he asked: "What clock?"

I explained. Then, after some time, he laughed and laughed.

"That's good," he boomed. "Well, the bird does sound like a clock at that," he went on. Then he became preoccupied. Then he said: "I guess I'm all right. Anyhow I still know a bird when I hear it, even when it is a clock."

"Don't be silly, Cousin Ellis. Nobody—not even the patient British—would put up with a bird like that over weekends and all—"

At breakfast I had a headache. I thought it was from my vaccination. I asked when the next train left for London. There was one every hour, Cousin Patience said, but I couldn't leave Wapping Whichet till three minutes before four because she had arranged for the dogcart at that time.

So, summing it all up, weekends in dear old London itself aren't so bad. But of course it's lovely having a bit of British blood—I mean English—especially when you think of Cousin Ellis twice-removed-by-marriage, and also Cousin Patience. —FRANCES CRANE

• •

JUST PLAIN HOME NEWS

Domestic Activities Devour Much Space

CHARGES HUSBAND USED HER AS A CUSHION. Mrs. Jessica Blumble demonstrated before Desk Sergeant O'Flaherty how it was done. Mr. Blumble was not present in court.

JUST LOST HER TEMPER. When Mrs. Marjorie Longet of 400 West 72nd Street threw a flatiron at her spouse, Mr. Max Longet of same address, she did not really mean him harm. Above exclusive picture shows couple reconciled.

PANTLESS IN STREET. Neighbors were much amused yesterday when Edmond Hind (above), much undressed, tried to regain admission to his home, 623 Westchester Avenue, Bronx. Mr. Hind refused to talk but a family quarrel no doubt was the cause of his quandary.

RUNS OFF WITH FAMILY FURNITURE. Bernard Branf and family (above) are troubled because their son, Bernard Branf, Jr., absconded with family furniture. "Such a child," is all the Branfs would say.

OUR OWN SOB BALLADS

NO LIQUOR YOU'LL FIND IN OUR AUTO

I

A merry family party
Set forth one summer's day
In an auto, on a picnic.
Their hearts were light and gay.
It was near the northern border,
And when came a punctured tire,
Laughed a girl: "If Federal Agents
Should appear, I would expire."
The words she'd hardly uttered
When from a copse near by
Leaped forth a squad of agents—
"Hands up!" their Chief did cry,
"While we search your car for liquor."
They obeyed. Then one, a youth,
Stepped forward and said bravely,
"Please listen to the truth:

REFRAIN

"No liquor you'll find in our auto—
I hope, Sir, my word you will take.
There are sandwiches, please help yourself, Sir.
In that box is a big chocolate cake.
That bottle holds nothing unlawful,
For it's just Cherry Bounce mother made,
And *that*, you'll agree, would surely be free
Of spirits as would lemonade."

II

But the Chief remained suspicious,
So knocked the young man down,
Then arrested all the family.
They were jailed in the next town.
When the Cherry Bounce was tested
It showed sufficient alcohol,
Therein, to hold the party
On indictment—one and all.
They were tried before a jury,
Found guilty of the crime,
And though their lawyer asked for mercy
They were given three months' "time."
Said the Judge, "I would be lenient,
But I cannot quite pass by
The attempt to hinder justice,
When your client spoke that lie:

REFRAIN

" 'No liquor you'll find in our auto—
I hope, Sir, my word you will take.
There are sandwiches, please help yourself, Sir.
In that box is a big chocolate cake.
That bottle holds nothing unlawful,
For it's just Cherry Bounce mother made,
And *that*, you'll agree, would surely be free
Of spirits as would lemonade.' "

—C. KNAPP

"Where's the Southampton news—Tom, are you sitting on that society section?"

A NEW YORK CHILDHOOD

THE SUMMER RESORT

PROMPTLY with the coming of the heats of August, my brother and I were dressed in our newest—fatally our warmest—sailor suits and taken from the New Jersey village where we enjoyed moderate breezes, shade trees, and a swimming hole, for our annual visit to New York. I was about five when these visits began; they continued for several years. It was not until I went to college that I saw the city at any other season. During my childhood, then, New York was not only the best, it was the unique summer resort. Had the saying on that subject been current at the time, I wouldn't have understood it. For me, until many years had passed, New York was drenched in glamour and emotion and heat.

In all that time my brother and I were the only children in the village who had been to New York. This distinction gave us pride, excitement, the sense of life. Yet the materials out of which this pride and excitement were built seem to me now to have little to do with the actualities of New York as they were at the turn of the century. Fifth Avenue, for instance, does not exist in my memories. I have no recollection of skyscrapers—with the single exception of the Flatiron Building, which, it happens, is in Fifth Avenue. I had read about it and was enchanted by the wit which found the precise name for it; and suddenly it appeared, standing in supreme isolation, seemingly in no street, near no other building. The idea that it was itself a building, or that it was occupied and used as other buildings are, never occurred to me. It was a monument.

These visits lasted about ten days and were complicated by a confusion of purposes: there were certain things we had to see and certain relatives to whom we had to be shown. The latter no longer exist in my memory as human beings—they seem merely terminals at the end of long and exciting rides on street cars and on the Elevated. (When people said "the 'El' " in those days I took it to be simply "the 'L,' " the brevity and humor of the name being another evidence of the metropolitan spirit.) It was on these rides that I received those decisive impressions of the city which no later familiarity seems able to correct. We were riding once in a street car and beside us, majestically, rose the pillars of the "L;" presently the pillars and the railroad they supported disappeared into a hole in the ground to become a subway. The wide street, the boys playing between the pillars, the abrupt vanishing of the great structure into the dark hole with little electric lights, were elements in a thrilling melodrama. Although I have never seen that particular spot again, certain rises and curves in the "L" structure still give me the same sense of excitement.

The journeys made to see the obligatory sights were also interesting, but they were colored by wonder about what we were going to see. I do not remember how we travelled to the Zoo (we went every year, at our own request) but the Zoo itself is marked in mind with a double star. The first is for a disdainful llama who let itself be teased and irritated by a man in a straw hat and then, with calm contempt, spat straight in his face. The second is for a bear in a pit who rose and danced for the peanuts I offered him. It seemed to me that New York children admired and envied my way with bears; but on a later trip I saw him do the same thing for other youngsters. I hurried away from the faithless beast.

We were taken to see the Museum of Natural History, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Statue of Liberty, and Grant's Tomb. There was a satisfaction in actually beholding buildings and monuments we had heard of, but the important thing at the time was never the object seen; it was what happened to us at these places. I do not, for instance, remember the Metropolitan except for a memory which has nothing to do with art. There was a statue on a highly polished base; to prevent people from sitting on that base, a row of benches had been backed up against it. While my elders were admiring the work on one side, I went to the other and, with infinite patience, removed a bench and walked over the smooth surface I exposed. Grant's Tomb meant talking in whispers. The Statue of Liberty, in spite of the long climb and the view, is remembered by the sight of two soldiers lunging with bayonets.

FOR years I knew New York by its smells. First the mixed odors of the ferries, the base of which is the promise of the open sea outside the harbor. Over this base hangs the heavy smell of fruits and vegetables squeezed into baskets, crated on huge wagons in the dark passageway of the boats; and over that, again, the hot smell of steam. All these were concentrated at the last moment when the ferries crashed against the swaying piles and the odor of rotting wood came up just as the iron rattle of the machinery prepared for the reception of the boats. Then new smells arose —from the cobblestones as we stepped back to avoid the heavy drays, from the beer-barrels on the wagons, from the open doors of restaurants, from fruit stands where bananas dominated, and, finally, from the vegetable markets which, for some reason, we passed on our way from the docks.

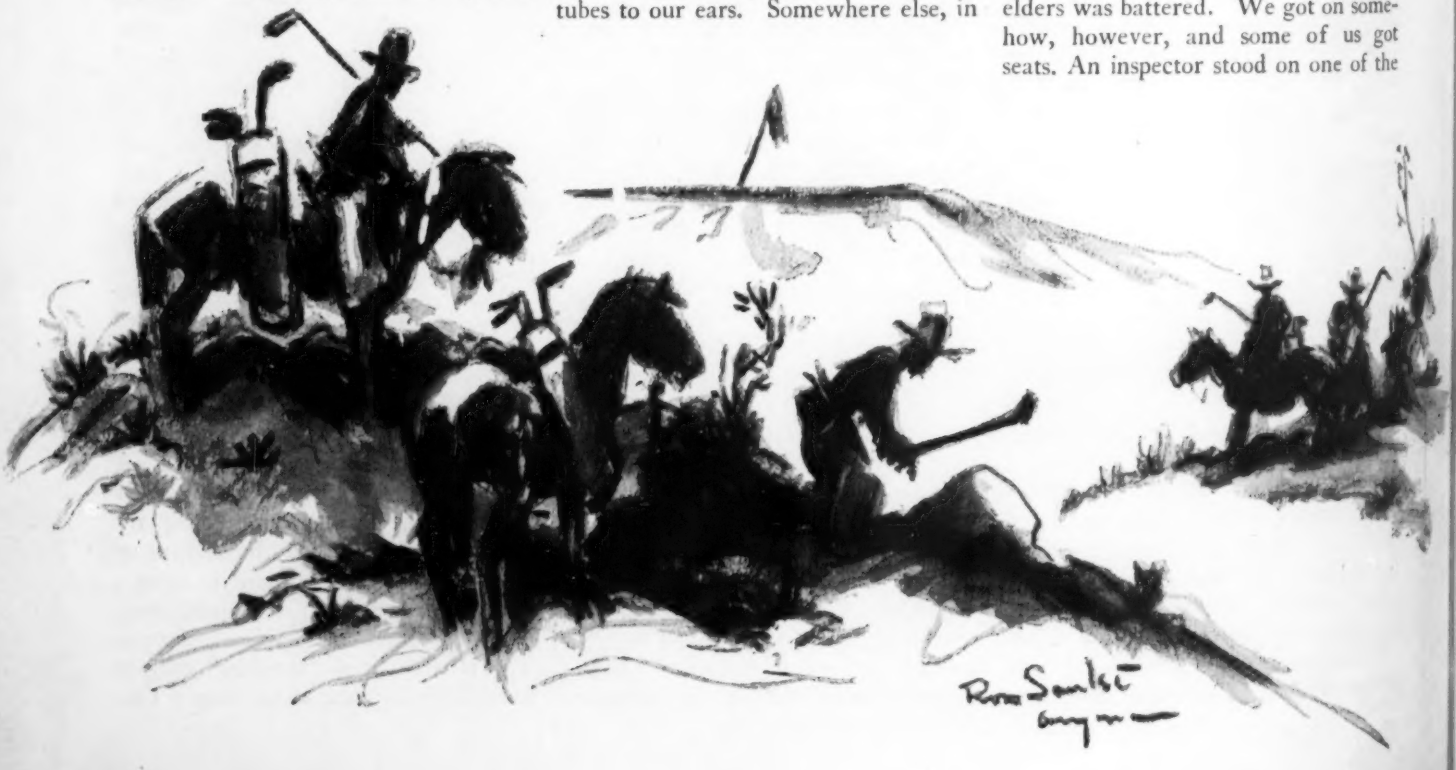
Oddly enough, the noises of the city did not impress me. I was fascinated by a hurdy-gurdy, by door and telephone bells, but the screech of street cars, the rattle of the "L," and the honk of horns were all merely incidents related to movement. On my first visits movement wasn't exactly unrestricted. I was dragged by the arm, lifted on and off cars, helped up stairs, and never permitted to cross a street unattended. It was humiliating, but it gave me the sense of danger. The terrible word "accident" rang in our ears and once came true. One

ARIZONA

evening we were walking along a crowded street somewhere downtown near the Brooklyn Bridge, when fire-engines began to rush by. Directly in front of us one of the huge shining wheels of an engine became detached from the axle. It rolled, with terrific speed, past us into the crowd, and shattered a plate-glass window, while the three black horses dragged the toppling engine along on three wheels. We saw the driver brace himself against the footboard to hold the animals back, and the great fire in the belly of the engine glowing on the pavement underneath. We were present at an event with the thrilling certainty that it would be noted next day in the newspapers. Cynicism was not fashionable in those days and people made no effort to disappoint the hopes of youth. The item did appear and we clipped it out. The episode had been part of our lives.

We went into a penny arcade and listened to phonographs, holding long tubes to our ears. Somewhere else, in a darkened room, we once heard a man sing a song while dissolving lantern slides made a girl dressed in yellow roll her eyes. We visited a place where waxworks were exhibited —probably a rival of the Eden Musée. We lunched at Dennett's—there were pious mottoes on the walls—and possibly at Childs, for I recall mosaics of rustic scenes. Eating away from home was an adventure in itself. We stood on a street-corner and, through basement windows, watched a newspaper being printed. It was a moving triangle of paper and suddenly it was folded and men were tossing great bundles of it into wagons. We rode on "L" trains and swung round curves so that we looked suddenly into lighted apartments and saw people eating or playing cards or dressing. Those glimpses into the privacy of other people's lives came as near to being shocking as anything New York had to offer—the only other approach to dismay on my part came from seeing a drunken man across the aisle from me in the train.

WHEN, like good New Yorkers, we left New York itself, I became aware of the spiritual gap between the city and the country. We travelled as far as Coney Island—by trolley, I think. I know that we stood in line, sweltering at about five in the evening, at the approach to Brooklyn Bridge. The line was not very orderly and the cordon of our protecting elders was battered. We got on somehow, however, and some of us got seats. An inspector stood on one of the



benches and counted the people. Then he rang up fares—fifty, sixty—we watched the indicator, catching a number now and then, as it rose to eighty, ninety-six, seven, eight, nine, and finally tumbled into three figures. The sound of that remorseless ringing of the fare-bell remains with me, and also the explanation that the conductor had to collect a corresponding number of fares—and so had no opportunity for graft.

Coney Island itself is almost a blank except for movement. We were dragged from one to another of the twenty-five diversions of the Steeplechase (inclusive ticket, twenty-five cents) but I cannot recall the sensation of any one of them. Then, inexplicably, comes a vivid moment—the moment which set the spirit of New York apart from whatever we had known. We had, apparently, decided to get seats without fuss for the way back, and went to the long lineup of trolleys standing just outside the park entrance, where you could see the slow revolving lights of the Ferris wheel and hear the shrieks of those who went down to the water in the shoot-the-chutes. We sat for a long time waiting for the cars ahead of us to go out, and directly across from us was—I suppose—a beer garden. A few shrubs, dusty-green and unradiant in the electric light, gave an air of secrecy to the tables. The waiters were like barkeepers, the diners invisible, and the whole setting had an air of fantasy. Suddenly out of it rose, raucous and mocking, a baritone voice singing, "I Picked a Lemon in the Garden of Love Where They Say Only Peaches Grow." Or could it have been "My Wife's Gone to the Country"? I remember only the tone of ribaldry and cynicism, and my uneasiness. I can put it into words now: I was a little ashamed at my naïveté; I had assumed that everyone took the scene as I did, for its glamour. But at the moment I could only wonder how anything ribald and cynical could intrude in this enchantment. As Mr. Conrad once said, "Youth! Youth!"

But at the end of a long sleepy ride we reached New York again where, at the foot of a bridge, an old man sat by a steaming kettle. The hot fragrance of boiling sweet corn rose up, and people were eating watermelon which looked incredibly redder than any we had known on the farm. Everything was decent and glamorous again.

IN all these memories a single street keeps its name and place: Rivington Street, near Allen. I can still see the wide low "L" station with its purple and red squares in the windows, dominating the entire scene. Everything there was foreign to our experience of a calm and orderly life. Had we known it, everything there was foreign to New York itself. Whither people hurried in that street, I do not know; but they were excited, impassioned about mysterious objects, and busy. They were going to hundreds of places at once, they seemed to be engaged in the most absorbing businesses, many of which overflowed into the street, which was lined with pushcarts offering neckties and spectacles and shoes and Turkish delight and St. John's bread. The carts were attended by young men with red faces, dressed in thick German suits, or graybeards reading *Vorwaerts* when they weren't passionately selling their wares. Through the tangle, a wanderer among the stationary carts, came the hokey-pokey wagon. Possibly we were forbidden to buy. I have forgotten. My own palate was attracted always by another delicacy, and at most hours of the day I held in my hand a piece of rough white paper on which lay a ball of ice-shavings, squirted over with raspberry juice. It was called a snowball, and the experts could eat every bit of it before it began to melt. The next year when I returned to New York no one was eating them—perhaps that was the year we centred on Brooklyn or somewhere near Columbia University. In any case, a year of longing for snowballs was doomed to disappointment because in New York fashions changed and people did not seem to be as loyal, as we provincials were, to their gods.

THE episode on the upper West Side must have been the end of my childhood in New York. It meant wide streets, hand-laundries instead of saloons at the corners, the bright blue and purple jars of pharmacies with gas-jets humming and flickering behind them, casting colored pools on the sidewalk. We began to go out alone and were trusted not to lose our way. We saw a vaudeville show at the end of which there was a moving picture of a railroad track—just a track advancing toward you so that you felt that you were moving. But even then we had not seen Broadway at night and didn't know that people went to theatres. We hadn't heard of the Hippodrome. We were in a backwater of New York without the clang, sharp odors, and quick voices. But once, when we took the "L" to go down to the Aquarium, I caught a glimpse of Rivington Street and its pushcarts and the people. For the first time I experienced homesickness and, although I didn't know it, my childhood in New York was over.

—GILBERT SELDES

•

THE BUILDING CLIMBER

Crowds upward gazing watch him there
  Flattened against the city walls;
Away from unsupporting air
  He shrinks, and closely as he crawls
Clings to cold stone. Beneath him falls
  The stairless space; above him rise,
Past a roof's edge, the roofless halls
  And vacant vistas of the skies.

Below they marvel, well content
  To feel the firm earth falsely sure,
Who have on Time less permanent
  A grasp, a footing less secure!

—JEAN BATCHELOR

INDUSTRIAL CRISES

A Director of the Diamond Match Company Absentmindedly Lights his Cigar with an Automatic Lighter

OUR OWN MODERN ENGLISH USAGE

THE SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD—The importance of correct grammar in the home can not be overestimated. Two young people should make sure that each is rhetorically sound before they get married, because grammatical precision, particularly in mood, is just as important as anything else. Rhetoric and sex, in fact, are so closely related that when one becomes confused they both become confused. Take the subjunctive. Fowler, in his book on modern English usage, says the subjunctive is dying, but adds that there are still a few truly living uses, which he groups under "Alives, Revivals, Survivals, and Arrivals." Curiously enough, he leaves out Departures, which it seems to me are just as important as Arrivals. Let us examine the all too common domestic situation where the husband arrives just after another gentleman has departed—or just after he thinks another gentleman has departed (Suppositional Departures lead to just as much bitterness, and even more subjunctives, than Actual Departures).

The wife, in either case, is almost sure to go into the subjunctive—very likely before any accusation is made. Among the most common subjunctives which she will be inclined to use are those of indignation and hauteur, such as "Be that as it may," "Far be it from me," etc. For the moment, she is safe enough in the subjunctive, because her husband has probably gone into it, too, using "Would God I were," "If there be justice," and so on. Wives select the subjunctive usually because it is the best mood in which to spar for time, husbands because it lends itself most easily to ranting and posturing. As long as they both stay in it they are safe. Misunderstandings are almost certain to arise, however, when the husband goes into the indicative, as he is pretty sure to do. He usually does this preparatory to dismissing his suspicions, a step toward which every husband is impelled by his natural egotism. First he will begin with a plain past-tense indicative if-clause—just to show that he knows who the man is—prior to dismissing him.

"If George Spangrell was here," the husband will begin, lighting a cigarette, "I . . ."

"Well, what would you do if he *were*?" demands the wife.

The confusion, which begins at this point, is pretty intricate. The husband has gone into the indicative, but his wife has stayed in the subjunctive and, furthermore, she thinks that he is still there, too. Thus she thinks he intended to say: "If George Spangrell was here [that is, now] I would tell him what I think of him, the low scoundrel." There is no excuse for a wife prematurely imputing such a suspicion or such a rhetorical monstrosity to her husband. What he probably intended to say was merely something like this: "If George Spangrell was here, I wouldn't like it, but of course I know he wasn't, dear." However, misunderstandings now begin to pile up. The husband is instantly made suspicious by her "What would you do if he *were*?" He considers her "were" tantamount to "is." (This quick-tempered construction, of course, makes the "would" in his wife's sentence ridiculous, for, had she meant "is" instead of "were," she would have substituted "will" for "would.") The situation is much too involved now, however, for the husband to make an effort to parse anything. He instantly abandons all grammatical analysis, and begins to look about, peering into the wardrobe, swishing under beds with a cane or mop-handle.

His wife now has the advantage of him, not only in mood, but in posture. A woman must naturally view with disdain and contempt any man who is down on all fours unless he has taken that position for the purpose of playing horse with some children—an extenuation which we need not discuss here. To meet her on even terms, the husband should walk, not crawl, from wardrobe to chaise-longue, using the mandatory subjunctive in a firm voice, as follows: "If anyone be in (or under) there, let him come out!" ["Come out" is better here than "emerge" because stronger, but a husband should not fall into the colloquial "Come on out of that!" He may, however, if he so wishes, address the gentleman, whether he be present or not, as "Spangrell" but never "Mr. Spangrell" (Hypocritical Dignification) and certainly never as "George"—the use of the given name being in extreme bad taste where no endearment is intended.]

The wife of course will resent all these goings-on, and the quarrel that results will probably last late into the night.

THERE are several ways to prevent a situation like this. In the first place, when a husband says "was" a wife should instantly respond with "wasn't." Most husbands will take a "wasn't" at its face value, because it preserves their egotism and self-respect. On the other hand, "if . . . were" is always dangerous. Husbands have come to know that a wife's "if . . . were" usually means that what she is presenting as purely hypothetical is, in reality, a matter of fact. Thus, if a wife begins, one evening after an excellent dinner, "Dear, what would you do, if I were the sort of woman who had, etc.," her husband knows full well that it is going to turn out that she is the sort of woman who has. Husbands are suspicious of all subjunctives. Wives should avoid them. Once a woman has "if . . . were'd" a Mr. Spangrell, her husband is, nine times out of ten, going to swish under the chaise-longue. Even if he finds no one, the situation becomes extremely awkward, and there is of course always the plaguey hundredth chance that he may discover a strange cane or pair of gloves.

The best of all ways out is for the husband to go instantly into the future indicative and say, with great dignity, "I shall go down to the drugstore." Ordinarily, his wife would reply, "Oh, no you won't," but with all the doubt and suspicion in the air, she will be inclined to humor him and let him have his way. She is certain to, if Spangrell is in the clothes hamper.

—JAMES THURBER

THE WAYWARD PRESS

LA PRESSE PERVERSE

PARIS, AUGUST 7

IN reading French newspapers there is always one consolation: no matter how little of the meaning you are able to get, you aren't missing a thing. News is the last thing a French editor worries about. Even when he finds himself saddled with a real news-story, he doesn't know what to do with it, and will just as likely as not run it on page 7 among the *Petites Annonces*. He can take the story of an Atlantic flight or a cabinet crisis and undress it until it looks like something in the Special Westchester Section of the Sunday *Times*. There is always plenty to read in a French newspaper, but it doesn't make any difference whether you read it or not.

The attitude of the French press towards news is shown by the fact that most French papers run the latest dispatches on the third page under a vague departmental heading like "*Dernière Heure*" or "*Dernières Nouvelles*." The front page they save for their essays.

The left-hand column of the front page is usually given over to a red-hot story called something like: "Molière During the Middle Period of his Productivity." The right-hand column is probably a signed outburst by the owner of the paper urging the restoration of the Bourbons or calling attention to the drought in what the French persist in calling "*Tchécoslovaquie*." In the middle of the front page the eager reader may devour biographical sketches of the bicyclists who are engaging in the "*Tour de France*" and who are now just passing through Toulon. And inside, on page 3, all nestled together in little two-line dispatches, will be the brief announcements that China is on fire and that a tunnel has been found already built under the English Channel.

All summer *Le Matin* has been giving over the two right-hand columns of its front page to a series called "My Fishing Trip in Newfoundland." This has been illustrated copiously each day with photographs taken by the author, reproduced by means of cuts such as only French newspaper-engravers can make, presumably etched on pieces of bread. The date line on the most recent installment was April 30. (I read the first two or three laboring under a slight misapprehension owing to the word for "to fish" being the same as the word for "to sin" and hoping that someone had gone to Newfoundland on a "campaign of sinning." You couldn't have told from the pictures whether it was sinning or fishing the author was engaged in.)

"You think I got nothin' to do tonight except argue about gettin' in this joint?"

BUT no matter what page you look at in a French paper, you will find America mentioned. Even the front-page essays on Rousseau manage to slip in a paragraph or two taking a crack at Oncle Sam. The ratification of the *dettes* has, of course, been the chief topic of comment, and from *L'Humanité* to *L'Écho de Paris* the general attitude toward the United States is one of boiling rage. Practically the only general news-notes from America that French papers will play up are those dealing with torch-murders, flag-pole-sittings and the extreme heat. It was, therefore, with considerable surprise that we saw a headline on the front page of *L'Écho de Paris* reading "*Un Grand Américain*," but it turned out to be a tribute to Theodore Roosevelt and a lament that America had strayed so far from his teachings.

As near as we could detect, there was no mention made in the French press of the recently disclosed fact that American tourists paid over twice as much money into France last year as France paid to the United States. Well, they can't be expected to print everything.

IN one department, however, the newspapers here excel, and that is in the reporting of crime. They love it. Crimes of violence which American papers would hardly think worth a stick of type are written up by the French with a zest and thoroughness which make of each one a special case in criminology. This is not because crimes are less frequent in France than in America, for such papers as *Le Petit Marseillais*, after a perfunctory story on how the debts and the bicycle-tour are coming on, settle down each day to five or six solid pages of murder, arson, sex and robbery which apparently have been occupying the time of the entire citizenry the day before.

Even the most modest of crimes is treated in the Edgar Wallace manner, and it makes fascinating reading. Instead of, as in American accounts, beginning with the names and addresses of the policemen who discovered the crime, your French re-write man gets

Contents
13 ounces

SELS POUR LE BAIN
(BATH SALTS)
IN A LOVELY LARGE GLASS BOTTLE. THE FAVOURITE COTY ODEURS: L'AIMANT, L'ORIGAN, CHYPRE, PARIS., EMERAUDE.
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BATH SALTS

(SELS POUR LE BAIN)

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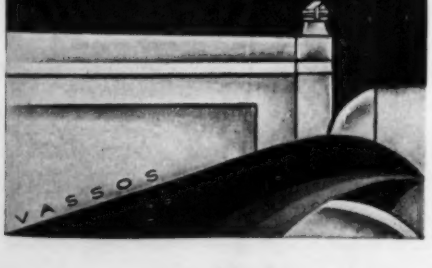
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask the man who owns one



into a dressing-gown, lights his pipe and lets himself go like this (in rough translation):

"Toward 21 o'clock on the night of August 2, in the dark which resulted from there being no moon, Mme. Marie Plissy was walking toward her little shop in the rue Fourteenth-of-October when she suddenly found herself beaten down on the neck, falling dead at almost the same time. One is mystified."

Or even in more tantalizing fashion, under the mysterious headline "The Amorous Refusals," we are led on like this by *Le Petit Journal*: "André Gerome, 24 years, electrician, had known, for about four years, when he was a subaltern in the 2nd regiment of infantry, a young girl, Claudia Poncet, who had, at that epoch, 15 years and lived at the home of her parents, 15 rue Saint-Hippolyte."

Well, anything might be going to happen, you must admit. So we read on: "On his liberation, the young officer wished to become engaged and rendered a visit to the parents of the young Claudia who refused to give their consent. In order not to be disagreeable to her parents, Mlle. Poncet wished to romp (probably not the meaning of *rompre*, but good enough) and accepted a later rendezvous."

The rest of the story is really too sordid, but suffice it to say that when a M. Grafouillère came to knock on the door, he found that Mlle. Claudia had ceased to live owing to having received three balls in the chest and neck.

This will give you some idea of how things are going in sunny France and if one hasn't time to read *all* the stories of sudden death and crime one may take that excellent paper, *L'Éclaireur de Nice et du Sud-Est*, and turn to page 3 where, under the general heading of *Nouvelles Diverses*, one finds, in summary, that at Aix an infant of five years drowns itself in a basin, at Lisieux a grandmother is killed with a hatchet for her money, that at Les Baux two lovers are shot by a jealous, and that in Orange a little boy sets fire to the mayor (possibly a slipshod translation, but that's what it looks like).

OF all French papers *Le Temps* seems to be the dullest, having a makeup such as would be effected by spreading two pages of the *Congressional Record* out side by side and doubling the length of their columns. This unexciting layout is not enhanced in the least by a department which fills the right-hand column under the

Sister to the Sun . .

THE sun started it, of course. Gave us this notion of tan. Made it an accepted fashion in this out-of-doors age.

. . . and now there's another way to achieve that glorious, golden look. Tangee Tan—the new shade of Tangee Face Powder. Let this powder that goes on so simply give you a color that looks the very same as smart sun tan but is far easier to manage!

You don't need a single oil, cream or lotion as a base. Tangee Tan goes on "right from your powder puff." Stays on, too. Blends easily with your favorite powder to give as dark or light a tan as you wish. $1.00 a box at leading drug and department stores.

NEW! SMART!

Tangee—the world's most famous lipstick—may now be had in a superb case of gold and black enamel. Distinctive, aristocratic—a smart creation for the modern woman. Price $2.50, Refills $1.

OTHER TANGEE PREPARATIONS

Tangee Lipstick, in gunmetal case, $1. Tangee Rouge Compact, 75c. Tangee Crème Rouge, $1. Tangee Day Cream, $1. Tangee Night Cream, $1. Tangee Face Powder, $1. Tangee Face Powder also in these shades: Peachblow (Flesh), Cream, Rachel and White.

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY
417 Fifth Avenue New York

TANGEE TAN

"for the business man who is a heavy eater... *yeast*," recommends noted war surgeon

A HEROIC surgical mission to the Caucasus during the World War won for Dr. Louis Dartigues the Croix de Guerre and rank of Chevalier in the Legion of Honor. He has developed simplified surgical methods and instruments used today throughout the world. Read what this great physician and abdominal surgeon says of his experience with yeast.

• • •

Millions of active yeast plants in each cake of Fleischmann's Yeast gently stimulate sluggish intestinal muscles, promote easy elimination and check the formation of the poisons that keep you from feeling at your best. Purified, your whole being responds—your digestion, your complexion, your very disposition!

Eat what you like—but keep your intestinal tract always clean, active, and healthy with the remarkable fresh food, Fleischmann's Yeast.

Eat three cakes daily, one before each meal or between meals—and free yourself from the dangerous habit of laxative drugs, pills, nostrums. How simple it is!—this modern way to joyous, vigorous health which world-famous doctors recommend.

Dr. Louis Dartigues of Paris

Surgeon and authority on the intestinal tract; founder of Franco-Ibero-American Medical Union, numbering over 4000 members; former president of the Society of Medicine of Paris.

"Cathartics," Dr. Dartigues says, "are injurious if used often. A harmless yet active product is required. That product is yeast. Yeast is beneficial for young and old. It prevents poison-bearing wastes from clogging the food canal. It enables the business man who is a heavy eater to keep his intestinal tract clean."

"My digestion had been damaged—permanently, I thought" . . .

St. Louis, Mo.

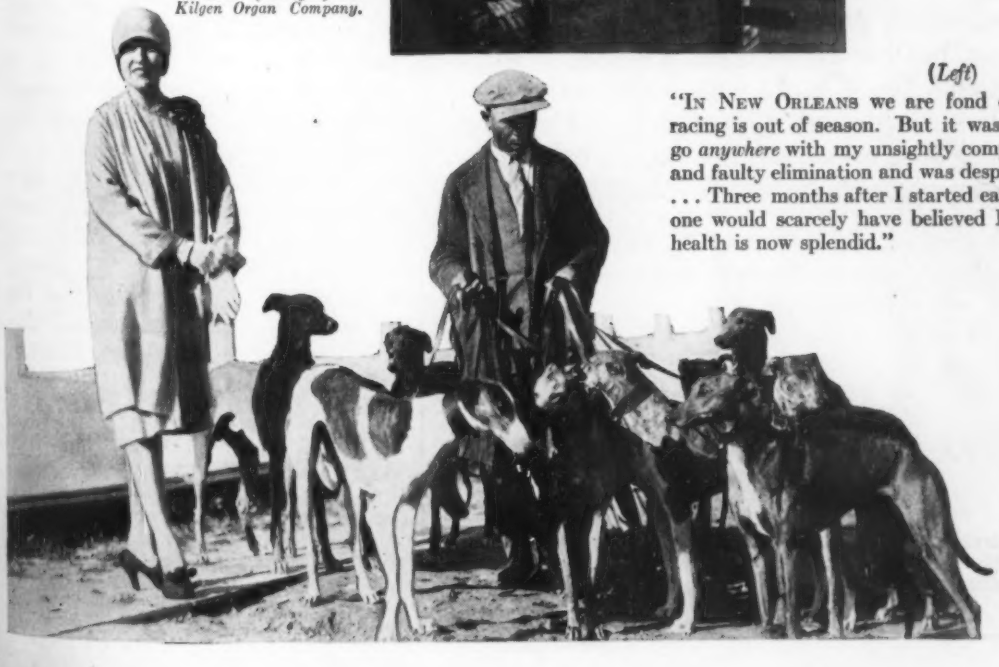
"I HAD TRIED ALL SORTS OF REMEDIES in an effort to bring my system back to normal.

"As factory representative of the Kilgen Organ Company I must prepare specifications, confer with prospects and check work through the plant. I need plenty of energy.

"A year ago I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. Today my digestion is perfect. My nerves are steady. I consider yeast an essential food."

ROY J. ABBOTT

(At right) *Mr. Abbott in the assembly room of the St. Louis factory of the Kilgen Organ Company.*



(*Left*) New Orleans, La.

"IN NEW ORLEANS we are fond of dog races when horse racing is out of season. But it was embarrassing for me to go *anywhere* with my unsightly complexion. I had indigestion and faulty elimination and was despondent over my condition . . . Three months after I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast, one would scarcely have believed I had ever had acne. My health is now splendid."

ELSIE D. ODEN

EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Send for booklet. Health Research Dept. Y-104, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York. © 1929, F. Co.

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The Student Specials come in four sizes, with six to twelve hangers, four commodious drawers, shoe box and laundry bag.

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dreary heading: "*La Vie à Londres.*" There are no accounts of *crimes passionnels* in *Le Temps* and not even that concession to fresh air which most French newspapers make under the title "*La Vie Sportive.*" If we were to recommend a paper *not* to buy for general reading it would be *Le Temps*, followed closely by *Le Figaro*. Compared with them our own New York *Times* is a tabloid. (Incidentally, our own New York *Times*, even ten days late, comes with all the excitement of the monthly installments of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" when it was running serially in the *Strand Magazine*. We are sorry for anything we ever said disrespectfully of the New York *Times*.) Day in and day out *Le Matin* and *Le Quotidien* give the best imitation of real newspapers, although even they would deceive nobody. *Le Quotidien*, in the issue which has just come hot from the presses, bears a two-column scarehead on the front page biting out the following terse announcement, so that he who runs may read: "*La France Se Flattait Naguère de Posséder le Système Électoral le plus Large qui eût Jamais Existé. Va-t-elle Aujourd'hui Rester le Seul Pays où les Femmes ne Votent pas?*" Not only do French headlines not tell you anything. They must even ask questions.

We can not bring this scholarly summary of French journalism to a close, however, without commending the theatrical newspaper *Comœdia* as being the best of its kind we have ever seen. It appears daily, and, although it, too, devotes its front page to gentlemen's essays on classical subjects and the reproduction of a painting of some old master, its inside pages are as handy a guide to what is going on in the theatre world of Paris as newspaper skill could devise. Every theatre is listed, with address, telephone number, name of current attraction and the names of the cast. If it were not for this department we should never have known that a cinema called "*Le Chanteur de Jazz*" with "*la grande vedette du film parlant Al Jolson*" is playing at the Aubert-Palace, or that at the Casino de Paris one is able to see "*Les 16 Smart Boys.*" —GUY FAWKES

•

ONLY ONE INJURED BY FIREWORKS IN SARATOGA SPRINGS

TORPEDO CUTS NOSE OF ROCCO VERINGINI—BELLS OF CITY RUNG

—Headlines in the Saratogian.

Bells of the city, and the heart of Rocco Veringini.

PACKARD

Only through high intent and steadfast will to achieve are obstacles overcome—the heights attained

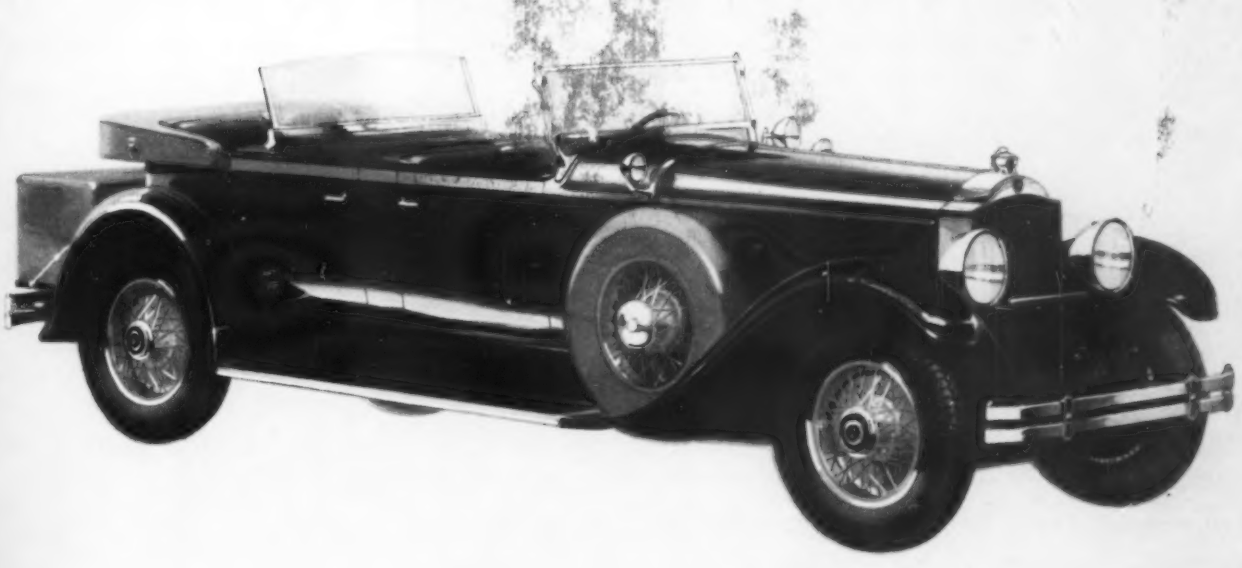
Packard has always aspired high and had but a single goal. Thirty years ago Packard chose the difficult, distant peak of perfection as its aim.

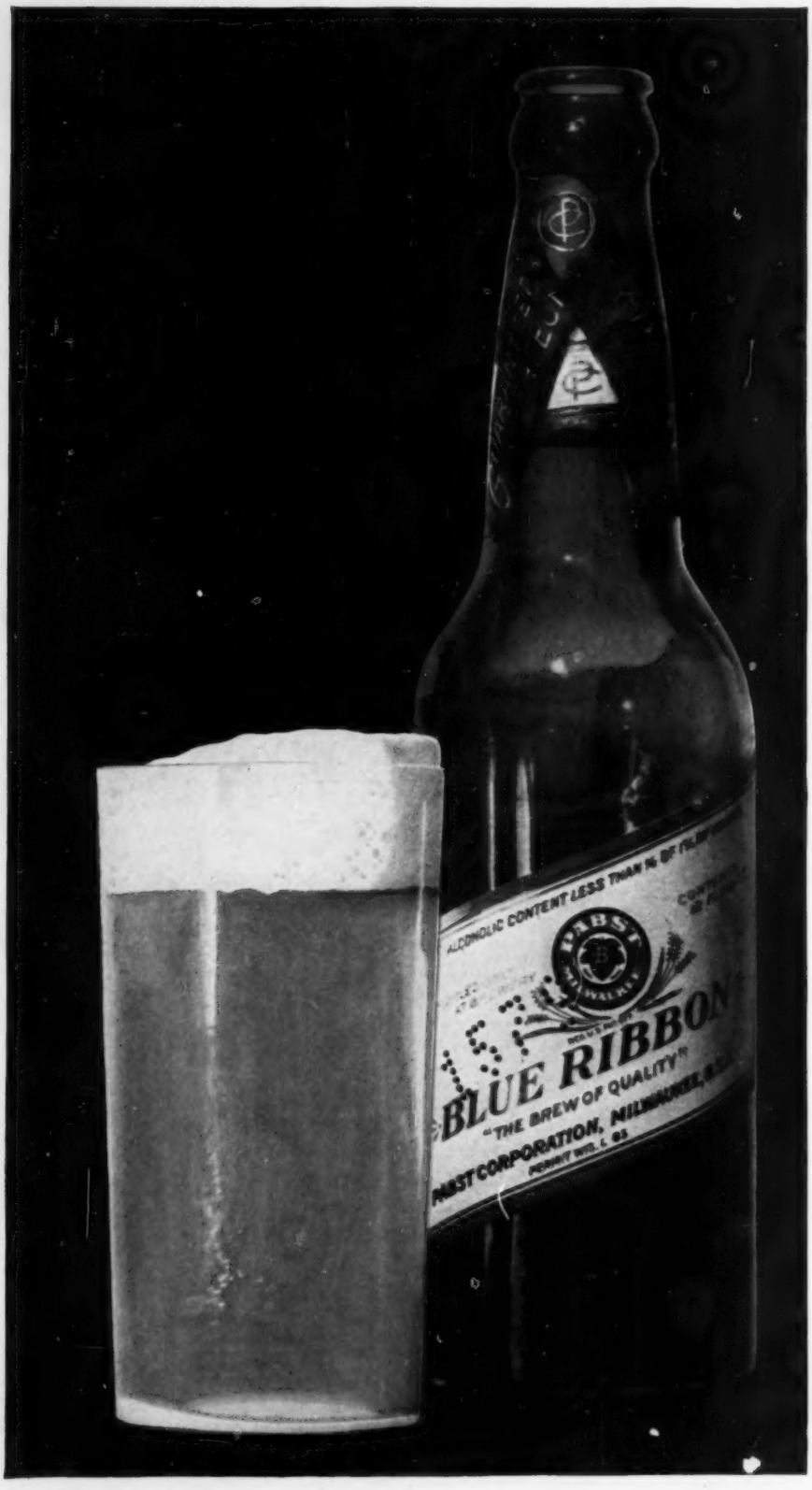
From that original intent—to build only the finest motor cars to a single standard of highest quality—Packard has never deviated. It has sought broader patronage not by building to a price, but by producing better cars.

Step by step through the years, Packard cars have been refined, improved—in beauty of design and in excellence of engineering. Facilities for their manufacture and distribution have been increased and bettered many fold. Supremacy has been attained but Packard still constantly seeks to make its cars more nearly perfect.

Packard offers its clientele today incomparably finer and more luxurious vehicles at prices which are but the natural result of increased public favor. For as Packard has prospered, it has shared its success with those who buy its cars.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE





This bottle promises you nothing it can't deliver . . . Pabst Blue Ribbon Brew sells for what it is and nothing more—simply the most refreshing thirst quencher on the market this long, blazing summer . . . It's mellow . . . Aged . . . Made in Milwaukee . . . Its label means exactly what it says . . . And you don't have to remember a ritual to get it . . . Phone your dealer for a case of Pabst Blue Ribbon today . . . Pabst Corporation, Milwaukee, Wisconsin New York City: . . . 2 Hudson Street, . . . Phone Barclay 2622

PABST BLUE RIBBON

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

ADVANCE NOTICE

SOME of us there be who spend all our days in a kind of tender regret for things gone by. Like children dragged too swiftly through the park, we dig our heels into the turf in an instinctive attitude of slightly resentful resistance to the pace of these rushing times. The mere news, for instance, that the Bremen had crossed the Atlantic in less than two hours, or whatever its record was, brought to her Brooklyn pier a nitwit multitude, glad to pay for the meager privilege of putting foot even for a few moments on the big, shiny new ship that had humbled the proud Mauretania. But we old fogies sat mulishly at home, thinking how fine a thing it would be to sail at dawn on a cattle boat.

We distrust all new-fangled things. For instance, I still feel a deep animosity toward a radio. To be sure, my first and last experience with one was inauspicious. That was a few years ago when, against my first impulse, I listened in, only to pluck, out of all the vibrations that were fretting the empyrean that night, the voice of Samuel Shipman speaking unkindly of dramatic critics.

But I wouldn't have liked the radio anyway, and the sound of one whining insistently in every home I visit has had the effect in this stubborn bosom of fostering a hitherto unsuspected passion for the phonograph, a positive nostalgia for a good old phonograph which leaves one free to select one's own program. But this is as nothing to the spell of the charm with which the once lowly movies have been invested by the sheer horror of their successors. After the excruciating experience of sitting through those squawking monstrosities, "The Broadway Melody" and "The Cocoanuts," an evening at a good old silent picture takes on a kind of gracious glamor. At the news of one being shown down the street, I feel as though I should put down my copy of the *Atlantic*, reach for my tippet, bid Thomas harness the bays to the victoria and so hie me, cloppety-clop, over the asphalt to attend it. Furthermore, there are, I suspect, enough like me in the world to justify re-engaging Westminster Abbey for another universal service of thanksgiving, this time in gratitude for a piece of news that has come out of Hollywood. When Chaplin's new picture is released next winter there won't be a peep out of *him*.

TWO years ago, on the eve of "The Circus," I wrote a foreword about the days when the great Dickens stories were coming out serially, and one neighbor might call to another across his fence to ask the latest doings of Mrs. Gamp, or to bear the news that Steerforth's body had been washed ashore at Yarmouth among the ruins of the home he wronged. In my note book of that season I come across this paragraph:

> For one reason or another, no writer in the English language since Charles Dickens put down his pen at Gadshill has been able to bring into existence a fraternity quite like that. Yet in our own time, working in another medium, there is another Charles (and he too a Cockney genius), who, having more things in common with Charles Dickens than you might think at first, has, among those things, notably this—that his following is just such a brotherhood where old and young, wise and foolish, wicked and good, high and low, do find a common meeting ground. We, too, pass the word along as we meet on the street and rejoice together over our common possession. In such a company, gathered around any fireplace in the world, they would place a stool for me to-day because I come panting down the road fairly ruddy with gossip of the picture our Charles has just finished.

Now, two years later, my credentials are some odds and ends of news about the impending one called "City Lights." In "City Lights" the same tatterdemalion innocent who went to the wars in "Shoulder Arms," and preached that homiletic masterpiece on David and Goliath in "The Pilgrim," is a shy passerby in the life of a blind flower girl whom, after monstrous vicissitudes, he sets up at last in a shop of her own and for whom he finances an operation which restores her eyesight. Finally comes the great day when her new-found eyes are to behold her benefactor. But at the spectacle of the ragamuffin chevalier coming jauntily down the street, she screams with unsuspecting laughter. "Oh, see the funny little man!" So, without daring to identify himself, he merely tips his battered derby to her and goes once more on his way—his lonesome way into that infinite space whence he came and from which, every now and then, he does return to us, bringing something from the stars to lighten this wondering world.

My spies in Hollywood tell me that much of the laughter in "City Lights" comes from his struggles to raise the cash for his great benefaction, it being his difficulty that his Maecenas, a bibulous broker, will, when in his cups, do anything for Charley, but on sobering up cannot for the life of him remember who the little blighter is.

HOWEVER, the great moment of the picture, they tell me, is an interlude akin to the famous *pas seul* of the dinner-rolls in "The Gold Rush." It is the ebullient moment when the passing Chaplin, in tacit rebuke of all humdrum procedure, seizes the astonished shovel of a street-cleaner and transforms the fellow's lowly task into a feather-footed and exquisite dance, pirouetting daintily at every step and wielding the shovel with an ineffable grace. Unfortunately, in this motorized age, he soon runs out of material, and it looks as if the impromptu ballet will have to be suspended. But just in the nick of time, at the sight of something far down the street, there is born upon his face that expression of incredulous ecstasy which is usually reserved for the use of shipwrecked sailors when descrying a sail on the horizon. With outstretched shovel and pace as light as an apple-blossom blown by the wind, Charley streaks off in pursuit. It is then you, too, see what boon he has glimpsed—something large and affable, walking toward a nearby circus. An elephant, in short.

My private chaplain has instructions to pray nightly that the censor will leave that scene intact.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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A few residential suites in this luxurious tower . . . available either transiently or on lease. The spacious privacy of one's own home. Sherry-trained staff to fulfill every domestic and entertaining need.

FIFTH AVENUE *at* FIFTY-NINTH STREET

THE TENNIS COURTS

Gallant Gallery—Esprit de Corps—Miss Wills' Laurels—Danger Ahead

OF all the attractions held during the course of the season in the stadium of the West Side Tennis Club—and most of the biggest ones on the tennis calendar are staged there—none makes a stronger appeal to the sporting instincts of the gallery than the Wightman Cup matches.

Americans may love a winner, but an English team has yet to appear on the Forest Hills turf for these international matches which has not enjoyed almost as full a measure of the gallery's sympathy as the American team. Sometimes it happens that there is one player on the visiting team who wins particular favor in the stands, as Miss Betty Nuthall did—in 1927 and again this year. The high type of sportsmanship and the unaffectedness of this young player are characteristic of all the British contestants who have come to America, and it would be strange indeed if the gallery did not respond to such an appeal to its chivalry.

NO other nation seems able to muster a team of tennis players among whom there is such complete harmony and unanimity as there is among the English. This is true not only of their Wightman Cup teams but also of their men players. At Southampton the Oxford-Cambridge players and H. W. Austin and J. S. Olliff were inseparable companions at the dining-tables in the Meadow Club, and when one of them was in a tight match all of the others were sure to be close by, as seriously interested as though they were playing themselves. The same esprit de corps was shown by the British Wightman Cup players from the day of their arrival here. They could not have selected a more devoted captain than Mrs. B. C. Covell, and with Covell acting as manager and giving out the interviews to the press, they had nothing to do but concentrate on their tennis, and enjoy their visit in off hours.

Seldom has a visiting tennis team been so underrated as was this one. Two matches were the most that anyone

Away *from* Home

Here you are in your *own* bathroom. A place for everything, and everything in its place. Hot water always, a good mirror, and a fresh package of Gillette Blades on the shelf. Then it's easy to get your full measure of comfort.

A chilly morning in the mountains. And a mirror from your shaving kit tacked to a tree. A wind-burnt, sun-burnt face with perhaps a two-day beard. Then it's pleasant to remember that you took along a fresh pack of Gillette Blades *for comfort*.

. . . *you can't expect as smooth a shave*

WHETHER you shave quietly and luxuriously at home; or strenuously, over the shoulders of other harassed travelers in a Pullman washroom; or primitively in camp, with the cold lake for your wash basin—no matter how different the shaving conditions may be—put a fresh Gillette Blade in your holder and you're sure of a smooth, comfortable shave.

Your guarantee of this unchanging comfort is the careful honing, the delicate stropping that Gillette's marvelous machines give every blade. No human hand, however expert, however patient or tireless, could ever work such comfort into a blade.

But you can count on your Gillette Blade to give you a comfortable shave anywhere

And Gillette goes one step further. It sets aside almost half of all its blade department workers to do nothing but inspect your blades—and rewards with a bonus the endless search for any blade that may be below par.

You see, eight out of ten men in America shave with a Gillette and expect every Gillette Blade to do its duty. So every blade *has* to be good, no matter how difficult the conditions it goes up against—hard water, cold water, tough beards, tender skins, slapdash lather—a dozen varying conditions that affect the comfort of your shave. Conditions change—the blade doesn't. That's why you can always slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor and enjoy a swift, sure shave wherever you are. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

King C. Gillette

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

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LITTLE CIGARS

10 for 15¢

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Well known member of the BETWEEN THE ACTS CLUB

Non-stop flights are getting mighty popular these days . . . but *non-stop smokes* are losing out. Especially around Hollywood, where they take their work and their pleasures on the run, you'll find trim, convenient little BETWEEN-THE-ACTS replacing the corpulent cigars of yesterday. Two reasons: they're sized just right for the modern man's short smoking moments. *And they save the cost of half-smoked cigars.* They're aptly called "the 15¢ cigar in 10 installments."

Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15¢ to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail 15¢ (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th St., New York, N.Y.

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thought they would possibly win out of the seven, and some thought they would be lucky to get one. As it turned out, they won three, both doubles and one of the four singles, and the United States can consider itself very fortunate that the visitors did not get four.

The match that decided the series was between Miss Edith Cross of San Francisco and Mrs. L. R. C. Michell. It was in this match that the gallery showed that it really wanted an American victory and that it was not as impartial as one might have gathered from its demonstrations during the preceding matches.

The defeat of Miss Jacobs by Mrs. Phoebe Watson in the opening match of the second day was what incited admiration for the British players. After her splendidly earned triumph over Miss Nuthall on the opening day, Miss Jacobs was naturally expected to have little trouble in disposing of Mrs. Watson, but in reality she never had a look-in.

THE difficulty Miss Wills experienced in winning her matches with Mrs. Watson and Miss Nuthall leaves ground for speculation as to what will happen when she defends her title at Forest Hills starting August 19. A week ago she was a top-heavy favorite against the field, but unless she shows improved form in the championship it is within the bounds of possibility that her reign may be ended.

I am not advising anyone to lay any wagers against Miss Wills, for the chances are still decidedly in favor of her winning, but at least, for the first time in three years, there is a gleam of hope for the rest of the field. It is Miss Wills' fearful drives that make her so invincible, and if she isn't hitting them in her accustomed fashion both Miss Nuthall and Miss Jacobs are capable of making trouble for her.—A. D.

•

BROOKLYN: I'm desperate. I married a girl three years ago. Everything was O.K. for a few weeks. Then she stuck a fork in my head one day. I forgave her for that. But one thing has led to another, until now she will do no housework, while I have to clean and cook, and wash my own laundry on Saturday afternoon. I have a $2,000 accident policy, and so when we go to the beach, she frequently tries to pull me under by both feet. Hell's no word for the life I live. HERBERT F.—*Letter in the Daily News.*

Beaches are no place for a man who ought to be home doing his washing.

To an
Exclusive
FEW
this announcement is directed

A LOFTY triplex of fifteen rooms designed for the discriminating person who desires a perfect and complete town house high up among the clouds. This unusual suite occupies the entire 30th, 31st and 32nd topmost floors of the Hotel Delmonico, New York's newest and smartest apartment hotel. No other apartment suite in New York has its spacious grandeur, equalled only in the larger private home.

Rental: $45,000

Other suites of all sizes, furnished or unfurnished, many with large terraces. Leasing from October first with August occupancy.

JOHN F. SANDERSON
General Manager

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POWDERS

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Powder shades that range from summer tans to white . . . . so soft, so velvety, so lasting . . . . and pure . . . . blended as only Lenthéric can blend, to freshen and protect the finest skins . . . . intriguing fragrances of Lenthéric . . . . in perfumes, powders, compacts and other toiletries.

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Wing Commander P. K. Wise

POLO

British Hopes—The Milburn Legend—The Balding Boys

THE almost poky calm of the early season on Long Island's sunbaked polo fields has disappeared. There is not, to be sure, the electric atmosphere of rumor and counter-rumor which prevails when an International team is in the making, but there is a distinct stir caused by the fact that two British liners recently brought over a small group of polo-playing Englishmen.

One arrival, with close-cropped mustaches and a drawling voice, is fast becoming as familiar to us as any of our own players: Captain Pat Roark. He is to play again with Laddie Sanford and the Hurricanes.

An interesting trio is chaperoned by that perennial ambassador to British fields, Earle W. Hopping. This group includes the solid-looking Wing Commander P. K. Wise, who was here in 1926, and two newcomers, Cecil Balding and Captain Charles H. Tremayne. With Hopping, they form this year's edition of Eastcott, a thirty-one-goal side for the Open. They are certain to play interesting polo, but the interest in them looks beyond this season to the next.

Captain Tremayne has been named as captain for a British team which will come over in 1930 to try for the Westchester Cup, won by us in 1909 and lost only once since then, in 1914. Colonel Wise and Roark are tentative members of the team.

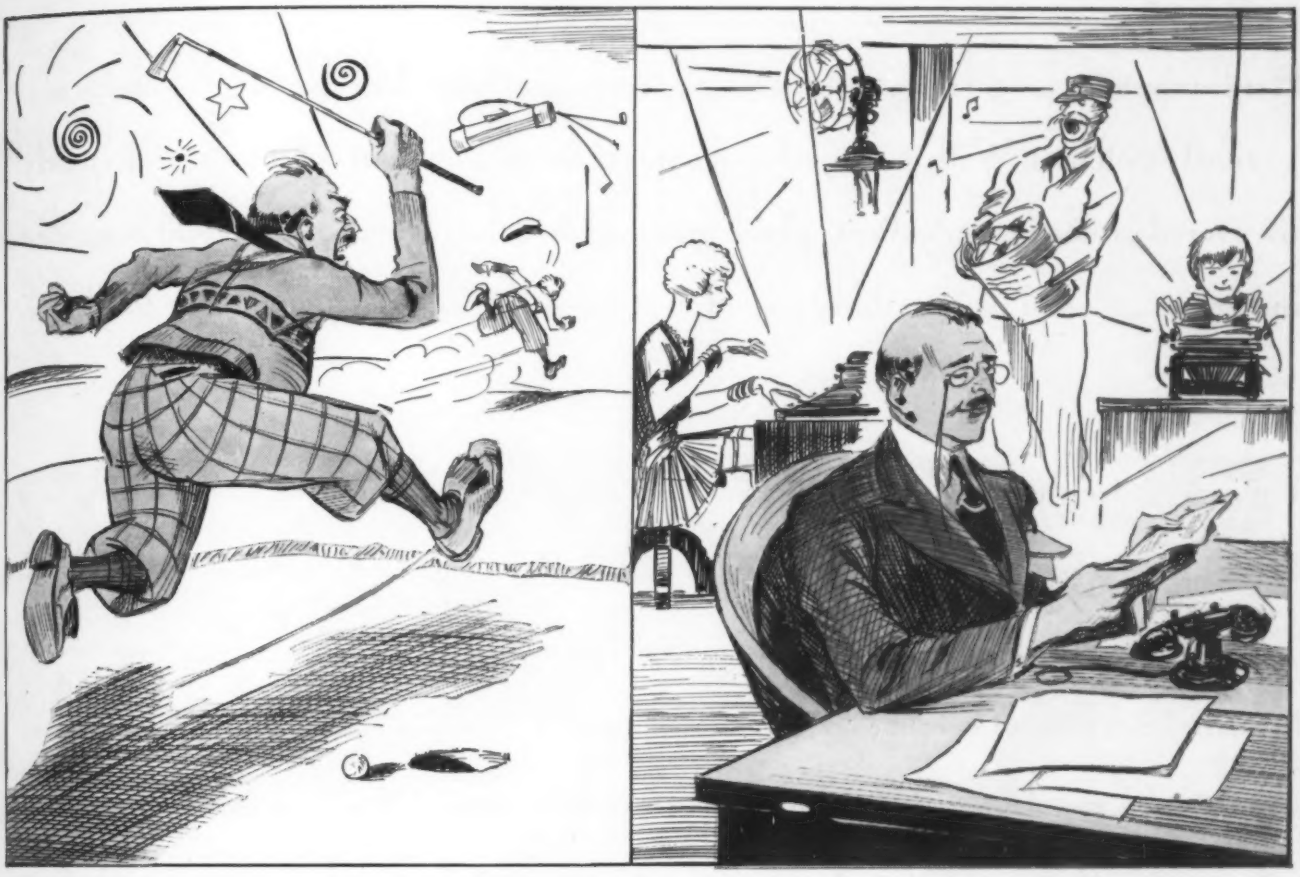
Frankly, the challenge of the British was unexpected. American polo people, recalling our successful defence against Argentina's excellent team last season, do not think that Great Britain has a chance. The naming of Tremayne as captain was also a surprise because, to the rank and file here, he is a stranger.

With all this in mind it is interesting to find that at least one of the Britons does not share the opinion that their task is a hopeless one. Tremayne has not been here long enough to have been cornered by the reporters. Wise has been, and he is confident that great things may be done in 1930, particularly in view of the retirement of Devereux Milburn.

Milburn, who played back on all of our victorious teams against England, has become a veritable legend there. None of them can quite vision a team without him, and his absence has given the British a ray of hope.

"I'll give you your Tommy Hitchcock," says Colonel Wise, "and agree with you that he is a most amazing figure. But I think you will be missing Milburn. There was a great head, a great polo head besides a great player. Do not misunderstand me. Hitchcock has everything. No one can deny that. But if we can get a team that will

Proving that Golf is more important than Business



To your left is Mr. Jones who has just missed a $4 putt. The caddy coughed. To your right is Mr. Jones in his office thinking out a $4,000,000 deal; and wondering why he can't think to the tune of rattling, clanging, banging, noisy typewriters.

The effects of noise in the office are subtler than on the golf course . . . but deeper-seated, costlier . . . and dangerous.

The clamor and hammer of noisy typewriters flay your nerves unmercifully, even though you may think that you have ceased to notice it. Your ears may seem attuned to noise . . . your nerves never!

The REMINGTON NOISELESS Typewriter cuts out typewriter noise, the major cause of office din. Because it *is noiseless!* It lets your nerves alone. And your stenographers' nerves. And the nerves of everyone within hearing.

Standard 4-row keyboard. Smoother. Faster. Neater. And quiet as the footsteps of a cat on a velvet rug.

Phone WORth 7500 . . . and a REMINGTON NOISELESS Typewriter will be sent to your office for demonstration.

Remington *Noiseless* TYPEWRITER

IT TAKES THE *BEDLAM* OUT OF BUSINESS

REMINGTON RAND BUSINESS SERVICE INC., *Typewriter Division*, 374 Broadway, New York City, Telephone WORth 7500

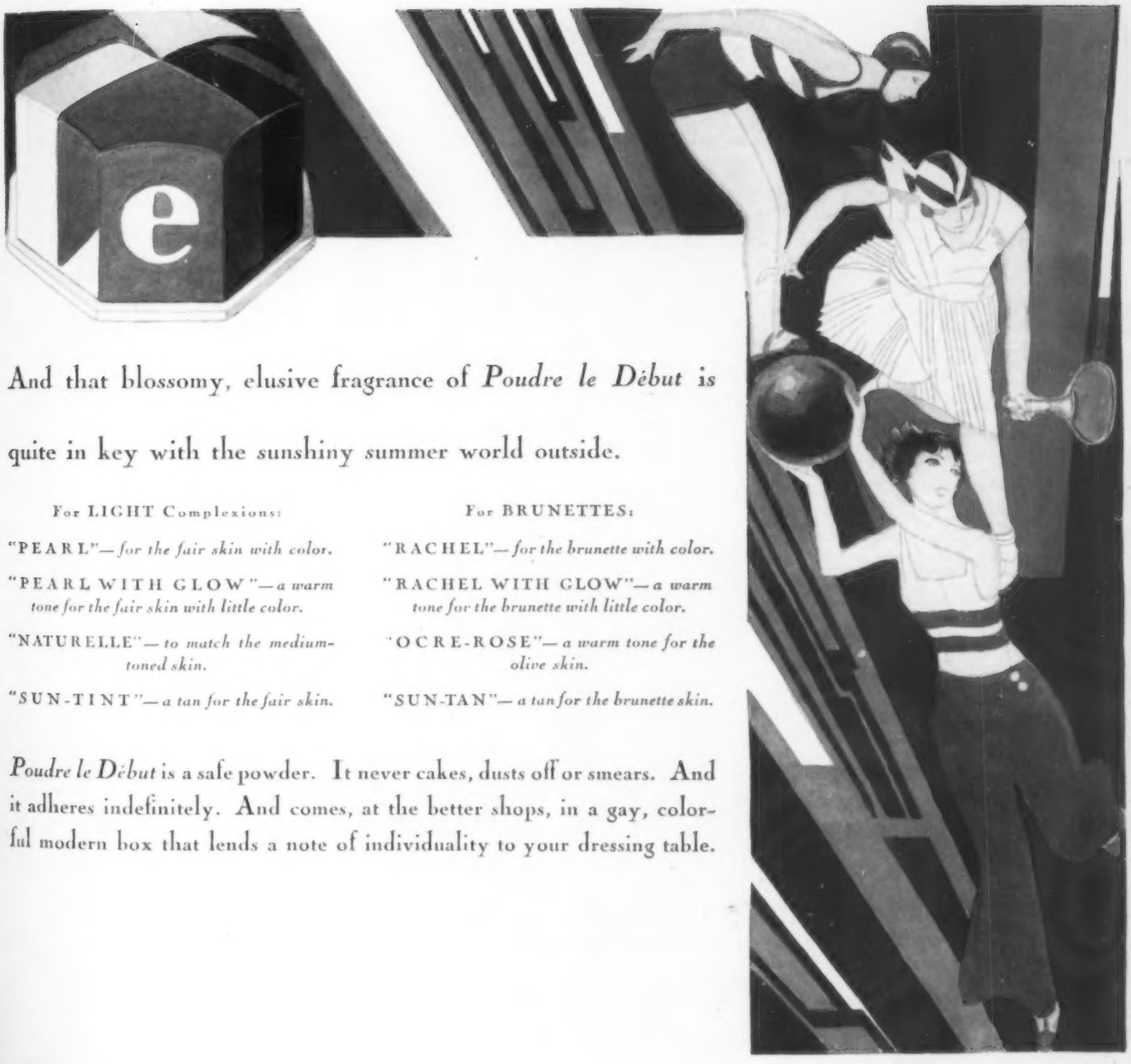
Strenuous, sunny outdoor life demands this new face powder

Here at the very height of vacation time is a preeminently outdoors powder . . . totally new . . . vitally different. With its magnificent natural range of outdoor color tones . . . its newly discovered protective ingredients which guard against the ravages of wind and burn, dust and grime . . . and its incredibly smooth texture ~ ~ it will bring you a new loveliness.

You couldn't have a better opportunity than this summer to try out *Poudre le Début.* Indeed, it is the fact that today we are living—playing—so much in the sun and wind that made it necessary to include in a really modern face powder these unusual, beautifying and highly protective qualities . . . It required two years of scientific research and constant consultation with authorities on Fashion and modern styles, and the use of newly discovered ingredients never before used in a face powder to make possible *Poudre le Début.* You will like the velvety texture, and the natural color tones.

POUDRE

Le Début



And that blossomy, elusive fragrance of *Poudre le Début* is quite in key with the sunshiny summer world outside.

For LIGHT Complexions:

"PEARL"— *for the fair skin with color.*

"PEARL WITH GLOW"— *a warm tone for the fair skin with little color.*

"NATURELLE"— *to match the medium-toned skin.*

"SUN-TINT"— *a tan for the fair skin.*

For BRUNETTES:

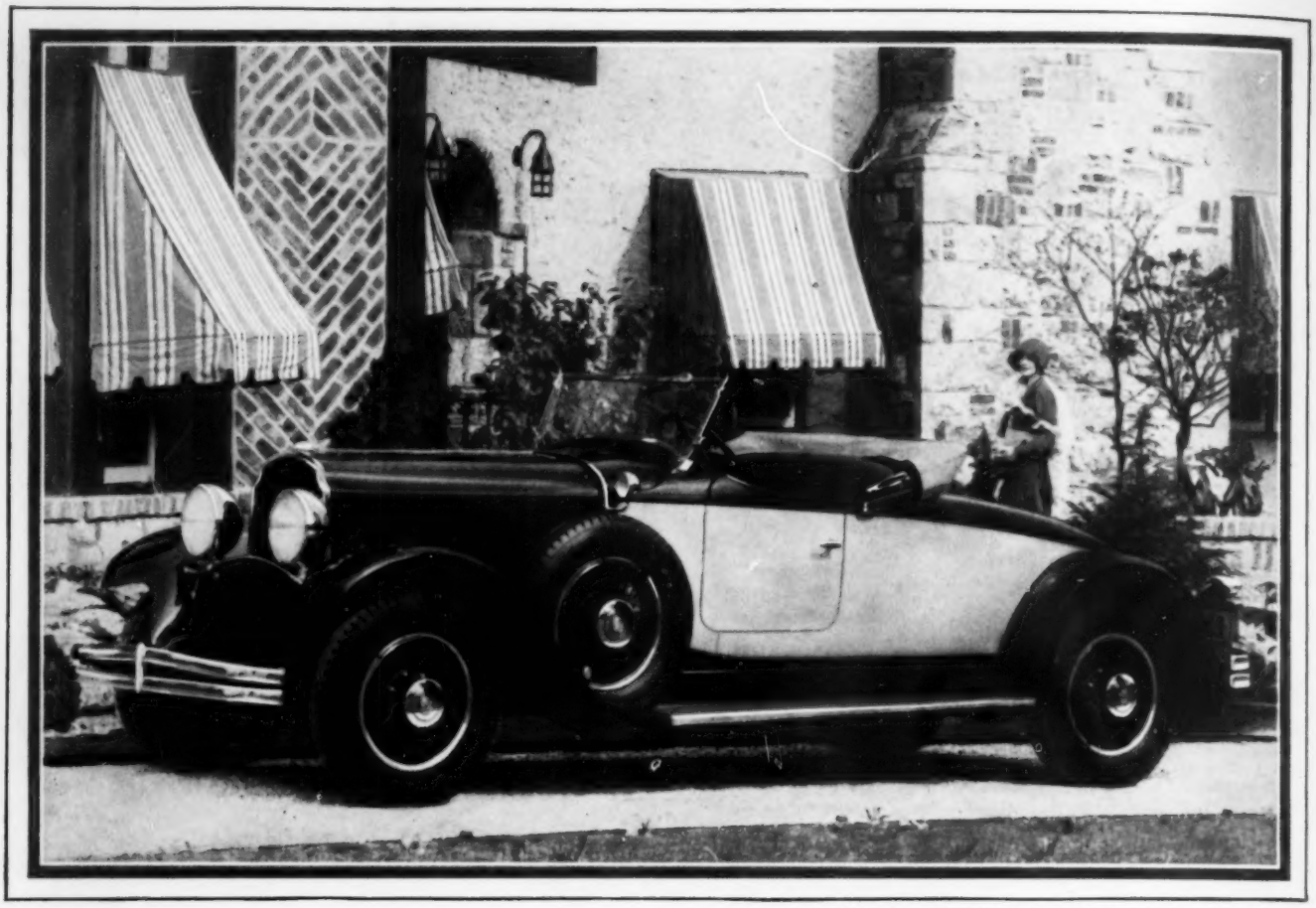
"RACHEL"— *for the brunette with color.*

"RACHEL WITH GLOW"— *a warm tone for the brunette with little color.*

"OCRE-ROSE"— *a warm tone for the olive skin.*

"SUN-TAN"— *a tan for the brunette skin.*

Poudre le Début is a safe powder. It never cakes, dusts off or smears. And it adheres indefinitely. And comes, at the better shops, in a gay, colorful modern box that lends a note of individuality to your dressing table.



NEW CHRYSLER IMPERIAL ROADSTER (*with rumble seat*)

For Those Who Really Care

The New Chrysler Imperial Custom Roadster

THIS IS A CAR frankly and deliberately intended for those who regard beautiful and luxurious things as essential to their complete enjoyment of life. ¶ On the magnificent Chrysler Imperial chassis, Locke, with consummate artistry, has designed a custom roadster body that catches and glorifies the true spirit of swift, joyous travel. ¶ Here are beauty and style that rise above adjectives. The eye is entranced by the distinction of an entirely new note in roadster appearance—a difference that is spontaneous, not forced—a simple sweep of line and curve that attains new expression of grace and poise. ¶ The rear-deck seating compartment has a door on the curb side and a separate windshield. Both front and rear windshields are equipped with non-shatterable safety glass. And as to body colors, you can have your choice of practically any shade or any combination of shades. ¶ In keeping with its charm of appearance and rare distinction, the new Imperial roadster gives you the enjoyment of that typical Chrysler performance which every connoisseur of luxurious motoring calls faultless. ¶ There is nothing finer.

CHRYSLER

IMPERIAL

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

Simons, Stewart & Foy, Inc.
1425 Bedford Ave., Sterling 2800
BROOKLYN

Simons, Stewart & Foy, Inc.
1745 B'way at 56th St., Col. 6370
NEW YORK CITY

DeCozen Motor Co.
1226 Broad St., Terrace 6900
NEWARK

ride to battle, carry the attack incessantly to the enemy, Milburn will be missed. Hitchcock cannot do it all alone.

"Of course, I am not thinking altogether in terms of winning. But I do believe that we shall, if we send the right players, be able to make things really interesting."

The British seem unable to accept the idea that young men have come forward to take the place of the famous old Internationalist. There will be, to the present generation of British polo men, always only one Milburn.

APPARENTLY the Balding family runs on indefinitely in British polo. The latest, Cecil Balding, is a young man of twenty-one who wears spectacles and does not look much like the usual conception of a polo player. He is a cousin of Gerald and Barney Balding, who have been over here for some time playing polo on Long Island, in New Jersey, and the Middle West. There are about a dozen Baldings in the world of horsemen.

Cecil Balding is the first of the new group of British players to be seen in this country. He has never played in London polo, which is the same as saying of an American that he has never played Meadow Brook polo. In spite of this he has a seven-goal rating. There are few American players who have not done much at Meadow Brook who are rated as highly.

Hopping, who is an able judge of players, thinks he is good. The British 1930 side has been tentatively named, but play over here this season may change things. Balding will be worth watching.

ODDS AND ENDS: The cheering at Sands Point, and the keen appreciation of real polo. . . . Old Aiken tempted by the Open championship, but wisely waiting until later years on the advice of Hitchcock. . . . The end of the playing days of Charlie Schwartz's famous old Perico, ridden by Milburn in that player's last International match. . . . Watson Webb's firm decision not to play International again. —MARTINGALE

•

ZEPPELIN ROARS OVER AZORES AND HEADS FOR OPEN OCEAN; RADIOS, "WE'RE GOING STRONG"
—*Headlines in the World.*

The five-dollar prize for the best last line to this verse was won by Mrs. Oscar F. Schmalz of 131 Schermerhorn Street, Brooklyn, who submitted: "Despite the rocky motion."

A tan put on with a powder that bathing won't take off!

Smart women everywhere have adopted a new way of tanning. Instead of going through the old ordeal of burning and freckling and passing through several stages of unsightly coloring, they are using an amazing new powder and getting a perfect tan in two minutes!

Glory of the Sun is not a mere "tan powder," but a *powder that tans!* It produces a perfectly natural-like tan of just the degree you want, according to the amount of powder you use.

And it won't rub off on your clothes. You can dance, motor, play tennis or golf, *even go bathing*, without affecting it. Soap and water or cream are the only things that remove it, when it's easily renewed in two minutes. Protects from sunburn and freckling.

Two shades: Light for blondes; Dark for brunettes. Large box $2.00 at all toilet goods counters. Carlé Inc., Chanin Bldg., New York City.

Have a tan without tanning
GLORY OF THE SUN - *Powder*

JOHN DAVID
Fashions For Men

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES
KNOX HATS
MEN'S FURNISHINGS
MALLORY HATS

AUTUMN FASHIONS FOR MEN

Presenting what is worn by men highly placed and personally distinguished in the social life of New York. Clothes, Furnishings, Hats and Accessories which, avoiding the obvious and the obtrusive, are characterized by rich simplicity and fine restraint.

EXCLUSIVE, BUT NOT EXPENSIVE

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1268 Broadway
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Broadway At Warren
Fifth Avenue At 43rd St.
Exchange Place At New
62 Broadway, Below Wall
Nassau At Maiden Lane
Cortlandt St. At Church

Two Convenient Shops In Brooklyn
Court Street At Remsen
Fulton Street At Smith

Entire contents © 1929, John David

THE THEATRE

GOOD START

TO celebrate the launching of the season of 1929–30 Mr. Belasco has cracked over its prow a bottle filled with champagne. "It's a Wise Child," by Laurence E. Johnson, which he presents at the Belasco, is a sparkling and effective comedy.

I'll begin, as is my charming custom, with qualifications to my enthusiasm. There is nothing particularly novel about the subject matter or treatment of "It's a Wise Child." It is too crowded with plot and incident to achieve what is known (usually for purposes of consolation) as an artistic success. It isn't up to the George Kelly comedies, though it suggests what Kelly might write if he cared to devote his talent to turning out conventional, well-made pieces. Its simple merit is that it provides a thoroughly enjoyable evening in the theatre.

The locale is a small town. Joyce Stanton is engaged to G. A. Appleby, a neighborhood potentate, but has fallen in love with Roger Baldwin, and, when Baldwin proposes, accepts him. Breaking off her engagement to Mr. Appleby proves more difficult than she had thought and, inspired by some masculine comments about the plight of Annie, the Stanton's ex-maid who has gotten "in trouble," she tells Mr. Appleby that she too is to become a mother. The reactions of Mr. Appleby and her other suitors to this news, and the complications arising out of the off-stage Annie's less ephemeral difficulty, allow Mr. Johnson's humor just the opportunity it needs. It is a humor which promises to give us all lots of pleasure for years to come—not the wisecracking brand (which has its own merits), but a humor laid deep in character and situation which should always be as prodigal of laughter as it has been here.

The play is beautifully cast, Mildred McCoy lending her air of certified virtue to Joyce, Minor Watson providing reliability and likableness as the man she eventually marries, Sidney Toler making Cool Kelly, an iceman, a very flesh-and-blood individual, and Leila Bennett electrifying the rôle of Bertha, the Stanton's slavey, with such reality that her every appearance is a delight.

AT the Forrest, "Now-a-Days," by Arthur F. Brash, views with an alarm which Mr. Brash seems to find not unpleasurable the young folk of today. The particular set observed live in a college town and go in for drink and disreputable lodging houses. At least all of them do except Boyd Butler, who keeps himself straight and clean because girls embarrass him and liquor makes him fight. Then Paula Newhall, involved in one of those wagers so popular among young women in plays, lures him to her favorite lodging house where, very drunk, he gets into a brawl with a bootlegger who comes to their room. As they are swaying back and forth Paula hits the bootlegger over the head with a bottle and kills him. She slips away and two of their better-balanced friends come in and smuggle out Boyd and the corpse. The law tracks them down, however, and Boyd is only saved from a trial for manslaughter by Paula's confession, which she follows with a draught of cyanide of potassium.

I think this must be Mr. Brash's first play, for very often it splutters about in the deeps of inexperience, but every now and then a good scene flashes out. In the lodging house, for example, the play comes alive from the moment the bootlegger enters, and stays alive until almost the close of the act. It seems to me that Mr. Brash has not learned to clip his sentences quite close enough, and the conversations between his ladies are noticeably clumsy in comparison with those between his men.

"Now-a-Days" is acted by a competent cast including three particularly pretty girls, and in it Mayo Methot does an excellent near-Margalo Gillmore.

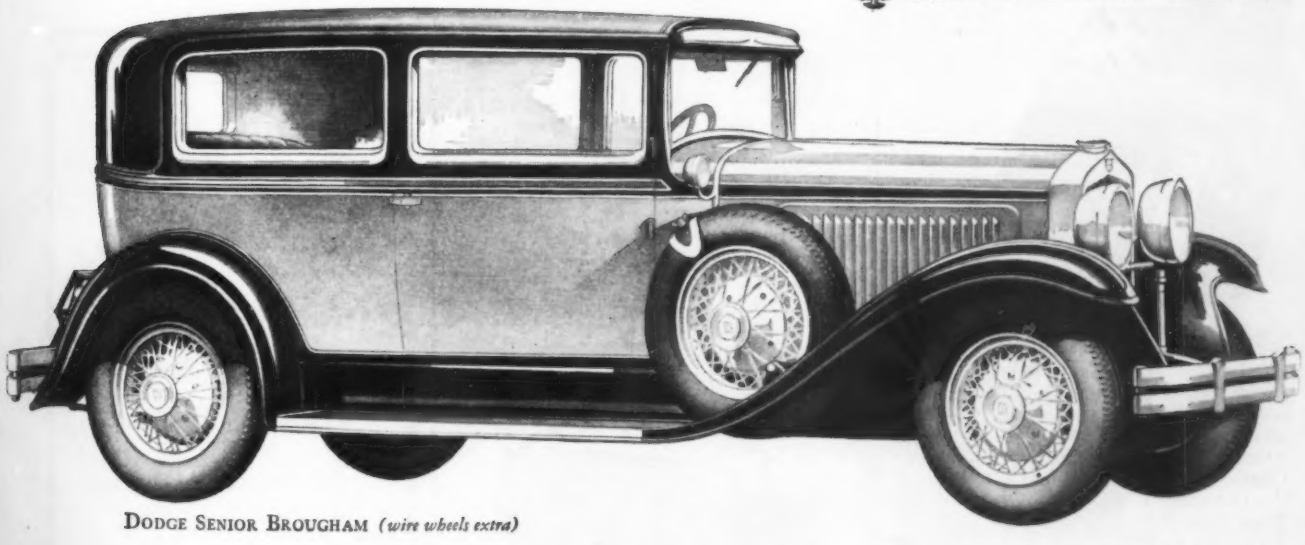
—CHARLES BRACKETT

An outstanding triumph of a pre-eminent firm

JUDGING by its appearance, you would instantly classify the Dodge Senior as a car selling for well over $2,000. Careful inspection of its appointments sustains this first impression and behind the wheel its sparkling performance serves to strengthen the belief that no car selling for less than $2,000 could possibly offer so much in comfort, in luxurious motoring ease and road mastery. Yet the unique facilities of Dodge Brothers, fortified by the well-nigh unlimited resources of Chrysler Motors, make it possible to produce this marvelous car to sell in the $1,500 class. The Dodge Senior is undeniably one of the greatest manufacturing triumphs just as it is one of the most impressive values of all automotive history. Three or four-speed transmission. Convenient Terms.

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



DODGE SENIOR BROUGHAM *(wire wheels extra)*

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1221 Bedford Ave.
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A TREAT *from* CALIFORNIA

THE DRINKS are on California — and what's more they're from California. Mission Dry, the delicious new sparkling orange beverage, is bottled right at the groves — in jet black bottles for its protection and yours. If you like orange juice you'll be wild about Mission Dry. Try a bottle today and you'll want a case tomorrow.

Bottled at the groves by California Crushed Fruit Corporation. *Los Angeles Chicago New York* 105 Hudson St., Tel. Walker 7948

Available wherever choice bottled beverages are served or sold —including Charles&Co., Gristede Bros., Park & Tilford, Acker, Merrall & Condit —Bamberger in Newark.

HOW TO PASS TIME

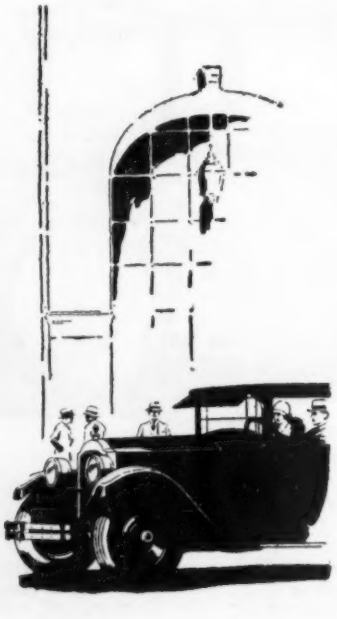
At the Beach

CONSIDER the new bathing suits. Do you think that they could be made any briefer? Come, now, haven't you seen the new summer shows? Didn't you notice the third girl from the left in "Sketch Book"? Or the second girl from the centre in "Show Girl"? Now what do you think?

Try building a castle in the sand. Does it look like a castle? What does it look like? Could you do any better in the air? Build a castle in the air. Which of the beauties around you would you like to take up there with you? Would you make her the lady of the house or only the maid? In what ten houses have you noticed that the maid is a better pick than the wife? Try to shake the sand off your hands. Are you sure that you haven't something in your eye? Rub it. Now have you something in it?

Lie back and count sixty. How many people kicked sand in your face during the interval? How many of these stepped on you with one foot? How many stepped on you with two feet? How many walked over you with their whole family? How can you tell that it was the whole family?

Ponder on the sun-tan backs. Where have you ever seen so much back before? Count the white backs. How many of these will, when they are slapped on the morrow, say, "Ouch, look out for my sunburn"? How many will explain that Sandy Sunburn Cream absorbs that part of the sun's



Drive back into the 18th Century

and dine with the Dames of Colonial days. Genuine Colonial cookery .. service on pewter. Frizzled chicken . . Bogberry omelets . . Butter ball steaks . . Mutton chops cut English with a kidney! Genuine Colonial furniture. The only Colonial tavern in America. 30 speedy miles by motor. Just over an hour by train. Write for booklet.

STAGE COACH INN

LOCUST VALLEY, L.I.

Eighteen Gramercy Park

SOUTH

(East 20th St., Cor. Irving Place)

"The nicest place in New York for Women to live"

FULL HOTEL SERVICE

Rates: $2.50 to $4 per day
$15 to $25 per week

GRAMERCY 6000

rays which is responsible for burning and thus absolutely prevents painful sunburn while at the same time it allows you to take on a rich, becoming, healthy tan?

Try to speak to the girl you have decided is a knockout. Try again. Explain in twenty words how you compare with Casanova. Wouldn't one word have been enough? Consider the men on the beach. What five physiques do you envy? Wouldn't a brisk trot around the beach do you a world of good? Think of ten other times when you could do it instead of just at this moment.

Look for the modest young thing who tugs at her skirt in the subway for fear that somebody will catch a glimpse of her knees. Who bothers to look at her knees now?

Bury yourself in the sand. Now do you know what it feels like to be a worm? Is anybody treating you like a worm? What ten people are treating you like a worm? What can you do about it? What did you come down to the beach for anyway? Is the water cold? Is it ever warm? Get up and go in. —José Schorr

•

SHOPPING

So eager, dear, to be annoyed!
  So stern about a stocking-heel!
So very solemnly decoyed
  By silken phrases as you feel

Of cobweb textures, looking proud
  And unconvinced, though inwardly
Surrendering. You say aloud,
  "I think this shade won't do for me."

You rest a regal glance of blue
  Upon the deferential clerk,
And finding that she looks at you
  With just the proper little smirk

Of timid envy . . . order ten
  Or twenty pairs and murmur,
    "Charge."
You glow with having given, then,
  Commercial gestures, free and
    large! —Patience Eden

•

One section of the Barnum Museum, showing a life-size bust of P. T. Barnum. In the lower left corner is seen an exact reproduction in marble of Florence Nightingale, the famous Swedish singer. —*Caption in the Bridgeport (Conn.) Herald.*

Famous, but not as famous as Jenny Lind, the lone eagle.

ONLY HORMEL FOODS ARE "FLAVOR-SEALED"

Salvaging Life's Lost Moments

Teatime is all too brief, especially when you're getting Inside Information anent the smart set's intrigues . . . you're hungry for more details but there's a family coming home hungry for something more substantial. Stay a while—enjoy this rare moment. Make up the time with a dinner of

Hormel Flavor-Sealed Whole Chicken

So easy to prepare—so quick to serve—and yet superior to any home-cooked chicken you ever tasted. Flavor Sealing gives it a rich, satisfying flavor by capturing the savory juices that ordinarily cook away in water and steam.

Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken is whole—not cut up nor boned. All the work has been done for you—cleaning, picking, even the cooking. You can fry it in three minutes, broil it in ten, or roast it in twenty.

By the Flavor Sealing process, a tender, whole, milk-fed chicken is sealed in a sterilized container and then cooked under vacuum. None of its goodness can escape.

Every Flavor-Sealed Chicken is U. S. INSPECTED and CERTIFIED.

Keep Hormel Flavor-Sealed Chicken ready for any occasion. Serve it as your supreme offering at formal dinners. You never knew chicken could be so good!

The weight is plainly marked on the label. At leading stores, or write naming dealer. Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

Flavor Sealed

HORMEL
MILK-FED
WHOLE CHICKEN

U. S. Inspected and Certified

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

LAST week, with tears welling up in my great brown eyes, I sobbed out my fears that we would have to throw away practically all of last year's clothes to stay in style. (You can't even lengthen most of them, what with that cute trick of binding hems instead of giving you leeway to grow on.) Now it appears that you will probably have to burn all your last year's hats too, except, perhaps, the berets.

Bonwit Teller is already showing some excellent reproductions of new French models on the ground floor. You discover that there are a thousand ways of turning a brim back sharply on the crown to expose all or part of the forehead. Much more subtle than the cut-up-over-the-eye fashion that was done to death last year. If the brim is not turned back, it is usually short and ripples upward to show one eyebrow, anyway. You discover that whether the brim at the sides is barely perceptible, or flaring in piratical fashion, or whether it is high above the ears or low behind them, it must always be irregular. Balance of the mathematical type appears to be completely out. In the back, some of the very newest hats have a long brim split up the centre so that the V of your bob has a chance to peep through. Some brims are very long and deep behind the ears, and cut off to practically nothing in the middle. Sometimes they have bows and ornaments and things placed just at the nape of the neck.

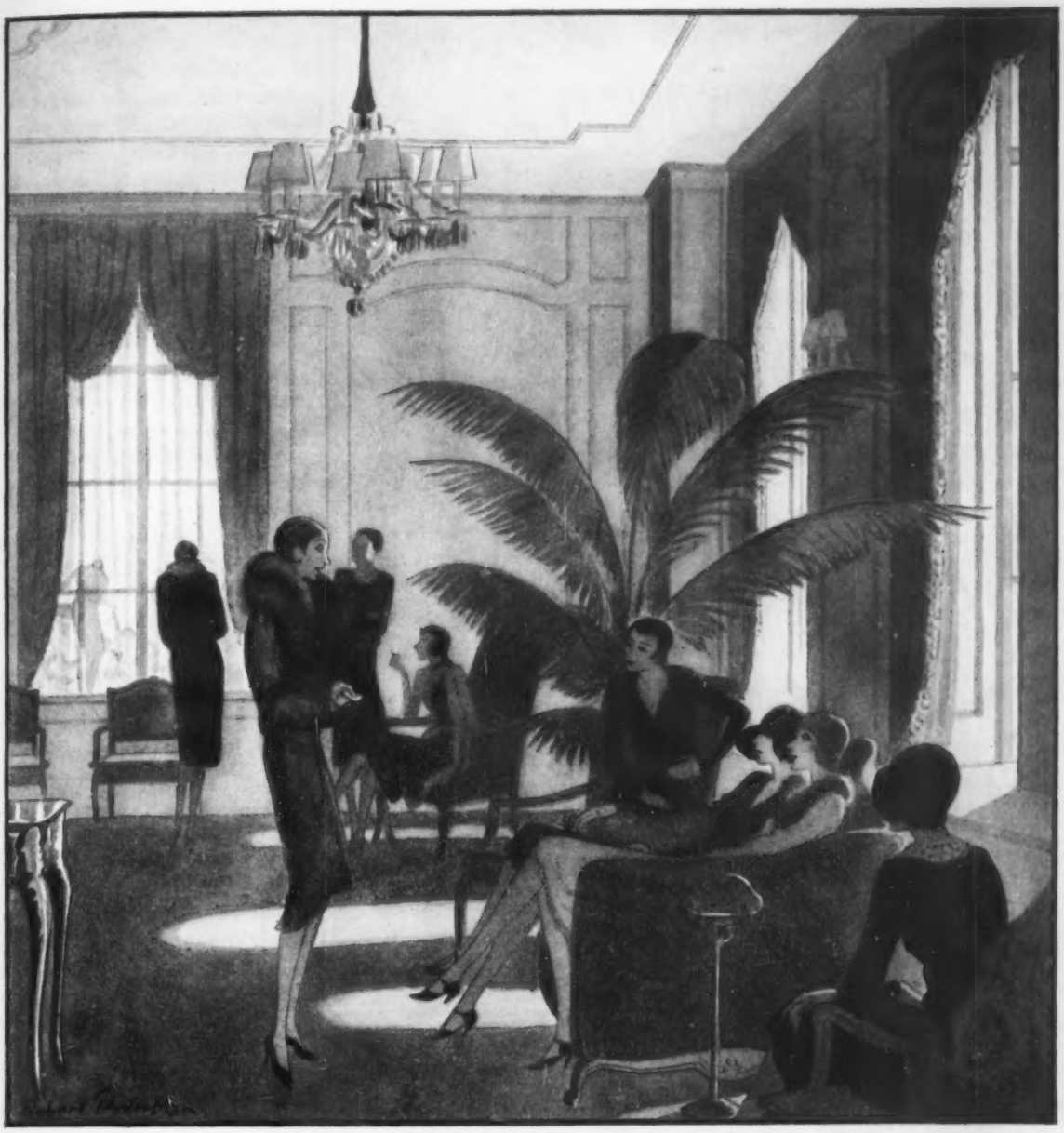
There are, of course, lots of toques and berets still, and a few skullcaps—some of them for haughty matrons, others very pert and youthful. There is one skullcap by Alphonsine in felt—a tight little hat made slightly wide at the sides, curving up over one eye, and decorated with a nose veil for provocativeness.

And, just as a gesture of hope to those whose foreheads are furrowed with care, Patou has done a felt hat with a medium-sized cloche brim made jagged with little godets set all around in the edge. You couldn't sit down and imagine anything more demure, yet chic, in a million days.

The hats previously mentioned—you have to see them to appreciate the fact that they are terribly new, terribly dashing, and beautifully copied—are of the simple, tailored, wearable type. For more elaborate wear, there are lots of velours, felts, velvets, and beavers pressed in patterns, making tams and berets of the rather formal type. There are many hats of fur for very dressy matrons, the ones that I saw being of a black caracal so flat it resembled broadtail and trimmed either with discreet touches of ermine or with beige caracal. These were made in beret style and I understand that there are women who look superb in them. For immediate wear, there is a large assortment of soft hats of black velvet that have width around the ears, not to mention the fact that Agnès has made a bathing-bandanna thing of black satin with ends trailing halfway down the back for anyone who dares it. The copies of this will be modified, naturally.

"How about a little Scalawag for Madame?"

WHILE you are up and about at Bonwit Teller, don't forget that there is more than millinery here. For instance, there are some grand new sports dresses to be found on the fourth floor. One group is of a new Rodier material—two colors or two shades woven in plaidish patterns on a spongy knit ground. The dresses here are one-piece, giving somewhat the effect of a



SMART SIGNS OF THE YEAR'S SMARTEST SEASON

The Fur Salon . . . a luxurious atelier where the smartest women review the smartest furs . . . gorgeous sable wraps . . . rare furs for daytime . . . the chic simplicity of broadtail and caracul . . . scarves to give the supremely finished touch to the autumn trotteur . . . all rich, various, exquisitely tailored by our own experts. Conscious of the progression of fur fashion, the discriminating woman knows that here is perfection . . . just as she knows that dress finesse reaches its highest point in our other salons. On the Fourth Floor, Made-to-Order . . . a department which has a deserved cachet from New York to Paris . . . Third Floor, Ready-to-Wear and the smart jauntiness of the Salle Moderne's Sports Clothes . . . On the Second, coats and gowns in larger sizes . . . Street Floor, hats, hosiery, gloves, bags and Prince Matchabelli's perfumes . . . Yet these magnificent rooms are only a foretaste of the new and expanded departments which our two additional buildings will make possible in the fall.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

FIFTH AVENUE at 58th
NEW YORK

☆

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you enter your hotel room and find that the young lady in the adjoining room has appropriated the connecting bath by mistake . . . *be nonchalant,* LIGHT A MURAD, and back out tactfully.

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

FISH

Sutton Place

"Home" to New York's Elite

Here you can have

3 Rooms

immense in size, with sunlight suffusing every room

New 15-story building with all the comforts and conveniences of enlightened latter-day construction

ATTRACTIVE RENTAL

435 East 57th Street

Sutton Place *Phone Wickersham 0431*

FELTMANS

CONEY ISLAND

THE SPOT TO DANCE AND DINE

HOSPITALITY THAT IS UNIQUE
IT BRINGS BACK FRIENDS YEAR AFTER YEAR

WESTERN VIEW FARM

NEW MILFORD, CONN.

83 miles from Columbus Circle—Elevation 1,000 feet

TENTH SEASON

$8.00 a day—$49.00 a week

Phone New Milford 440

RIDING SWIMMING TENNIS

INTERESTING PEOPLE

higher waistline, and have circular flares starting just above the knee in the approved manner. There are also some divine one-piece sports dresses of soft spongy woollens in diamond knit patterns—definitely molded to the form, simple, gay, and very early-autumnal. They are a bit longer than you are accustomed to, but I wouldn't alter that feature, if I were you.

SPEAKING of early autumn, Saks-Fifth Avenue is beginning to blossom forth with numbers of enchanting little light wool dresses to tide you over the first coolth. There are, of course, numbers of dresses in high vermilions and brilliant greens as of yore, but the ones that particularly took my eye approached pastel in the delicacy of the colors—lemon yellows, soft purply shades, and so on. These in sort of kitchen-washcloth loose-weave woollens and other featherweight fabrics. Among the first arrivals that I saw, several made up part of ensembles that were really very subtle and imaginative. There was one pale yellow dress with a long brown velour coat having brown and yellow checked revers. Another dress, two-piece this time, was of a motley red checked material, accompanied by a lapin jacket lined and having a vestee of the woollen fabric. A bright red wool dress was accompanied by a long lapin coat stencilled in leopard pattern in brown on beige. And I don't see how you could possibly wait for a football game for an excuse to buy any one of them.

IT was almost too much for the Dobbs' representative when, very recently, he beheld the Prince of Wales riding horseback formally in a navy blue riding habit and derby to match, but he managed to survive the shock. Furthermore, so encouraged was he by the example of His Royal Highness that he has ventured to bring to the custom-made riding-clothes department at Dobbs in New York the hunter green, deep blue, mulberry brown, dark grey, and beige fabrics that, so I am told, British women sometimes favor for even the most formal of sidesaddle habits. I am no expert in this most ticklish of conventional subjects; I am telling you the news. The derbies are already on view—exceptionally becoming ones in hunters' weight with short backs and rather narrow, curled brims. The insides are enchanting, quilted silk in subdued contrasting hues. Dobbs also has exceptionally fine broadcloth riding shirts.

—L. L.

THREE SOLILOQUIES

I. A Pekinese Dog

My great-grandfather for his daily diet
Had leg of holy leopard, and he bit
A foreign devil at sight; but here I sit,
Lodged on an ample lap in frowsy quiet,
Or tethered tight to apron-strings I pace,
Full of frustrations, scarce allowed to swerve
Beyond one skirt-hem—even to observe
The immemorial rituals of my race.

In the blue shadow of great China Wall
Two thousand years, to sound of temple bells,
My grave ancestors trod imperial.
This lady with the leash untiring tells
About *her* tribal Rock—three centuries
Of age. Great Buddha, stay me lest I sneeze!

II. Mephitis Mephitica (common skunk)

There's much in personality, I know.
Else why should one frail-built and plainly furred,
As simple in her habits as a bird,
Affect and overawe her fellows so?
Dogs and the family cat (my cousin) greet
Me shyly; meaching wood folk clear my path;
And even the farmer's bull, that child of wrath,
Bows and has business elsewhere when we meet.

As for the species Man, I have him cowed.
I'd like to turn my aura on a range
Of good old dinosaurs, just for a change,
And move them as I move this modern crowd—
This deferential crew I daily see
Stirred by the strong, instinctive sense of me.

III. An Alley Cat

Mangy and gaunt I walk the tiles tonight,
And mangy comes my lady to her tryst;

AGAIN THE UNIQUE AT PLUMMER'S

Each glass is painted in natural colors—a cunning little white Perch on the one illustrated—a Brook Trout on another—a Bass on a third. No two alike—12 in a set—$48 a dozen—delivered anywhere in the United States.

THE Patrons of Plummer's will be delighted —but not surprised—to know that these exquisite Hock-Glasses are made "Exclusively" for us by one of the foremost glassmakers abroad.

We suggest them as a superb addition to the service of a lover of the field and stream.

But—whether chosen as a gift, or for your own service, they will carry the distinction of not being duplicated in America—except through Plummer's.

This House has five floors devoted to the creations of the makers of fine China and Glass.

Many special productions of Europe are confined to us "Exclusively"—unobtainable elsewhere in America.

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But nine lives back (nine hundred, some have guessed)
With prouder mien we rambled, ranging light.
Sacred and sleek, on roofs of amethyst
And eaves of ivory we wandered, while
A lotus-colored moon swung up the Nile,
And Memphis slumbered in a silver mist.

O it was heaven just to sit and be
Antiphonal beneath some royal room
Until, for all our sacredness, we heard
Loud hieroglyphic curses flowing free,
And marked a sandal hurtling through the gloom
Hot from the hand of Rameses the Third!

—NANCY BYRD TURNER

•

STREET SCENE

THE crowd in front of the shabby, populous brownstone was pleasantly exhilarated by crashes and agonized feminine shrieks issuing from the basement. A young lady in blue fluttered excitedly in a vain attempt to stir someone to action.

"Ain't it turrible? Ain't it awful?" she reiterated. "That fella down there, he's *killin'* that woman an' nobody does a *thing*! 'S awful."

"Well, why dontcha call a cop?" one man answered indifferently. "It's *his* business."

"Well, it sure is turrible," she returned and subsided.

The shrieks grew in intensity, became intelligible. "O-oh, you brute! You—you *brute*!"

Then a man's voice, ugly, sneering, "Ain't it *too* bad, ain't it a *shame*?"

An elderly couple, pushing through the crowd, paused near the girl in blue. "What's wrong?" asked the lady.

"A fella down there, he's killin' a girl an' nobody lifts a *hand*!" the girl in blue told her frantically.

The elderly gentleman cupped his hand at his ear. "Eh?"

"It's a man killing a woman down there!" she screamed in his ear.

"My, my," said the old gentleman. With disapproving clucks the two moved on.

The shrieks gave way to loud choking sobs as a small ineffectual-looking man dashed out, up the steps, and stood there, struggling to assume an air of nonchalance. The crowd glared. He took off his hat and mopped his brow. "Ain't this awful?" He bid for sympathy. "Honest, can ya tie it?"

"What's a matter?" asked someone.

"Aw, nothin'," he sighed. "I got a crazy woman down there. Always raisin' hell."

The girl in blue voiced skepticism. He stared at her unhappily. His audience muttered. He looked about helplessly and descended again.

SHRIEKS and crashes greeted his return and he came out again hurriedly.

"Oh my God!" he said.

"I oughta call a orficer," said the girl in blue. "Watcha doin' to her?"

"Aw, what's it to ya?" snapped the man viciously. "What's the idear all you buttin' in anyways? I don't know you nor you don't know me, so butt out, willya?"

"I oughta call a orficer," said the girl in blue.

"Aw, dry up! Ain't I got troubles enough without—?"

"Now, I *will* call a orficer." The girl in blue started toward the corner.

The little man moaned desperately and dived down the steps. "Awright, *awright*," he shouted as he reached the bottom, "shut up that hollerin' an' I'll buy you the damn bracelet!"

The shrieks ceased, there was an instant of silence. Then we had a glimpse of fat white arms reaching out toward the little man. "Oh, Harry, honest willya, dolling? Oh, *Harry*, *dolling*!"

The little man turned fiercely and looked up at us. "See what you done, you—you—you busybodies!" he snorted.

—G. SCHWABE

•

HO HUM DEPARTMENT

[*From the Baltimore Sun*]

Mr. Brossman was elected and installed as the Supreme Tall Cedar of the Supreme Forest of the Tall Cedars of Lebanon at the meeting of that body yesterday at the Lord Baltimore Hotel. He lives in Reading, Pa.

This Season the classic fur coat is of BROADTAIL

IN a season that glorifies elegance, softness, femininity and beauty, it is inevitable that broadtail fur should be the ultimate choice of the smartest women in the world. Broadtail with sable—broadtail with silver fox—or untrimmed broadtail...It was also inevitable that the smartest women in the world should demand the sophistication of treatment and subtlety of line only Jaeckel fur coats have.

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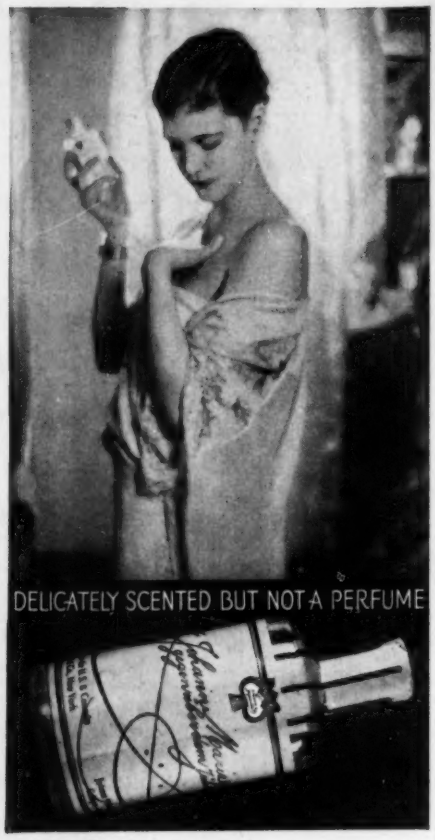

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LONDON LETTER

LONDON, AUGUST 7

ALREADY the harvest of the leaves is being gathered in the London squares. One can detect, too, an autumnal dampness in the mornings. But perhaps that is nothing but a sad mood engendered by the passing of the season and the outpouring of London's population to the beaches, the Scottish moors, and the other "lonely places" which are as crowded now as Piccadilly was a week ago. It is the habit of polite people who encounter one in town in August to belittle its emptiness as a pose, yet London really is empty. Bond Street is a desert, and whereas it took me three-quarters of an hour to cross Putney Bridge in my car three weeks ago, I made the journey the other day quite sixty times as fast. The change is almost incredible, and London is now given over to the country cousins and the schoolchildren. These last are making a brave show in the Serpentine, where thousands of completely naked infants disport themselves. There is some complaint about this from the early-morning riders in the Row whose well-known good breeding forces them to avert their eyes. But the children don't give two hoots for this, and so far as I can discover this is one of the few cases where the authorities have exhibited a touch of humanity.

THE official termination of the season came with the Royal Garden Party, but most broadminded persons agree that the thing's last despairing twitch was the excellent business of Mr. "Bruno Hat." Mr. Bruno Hat was a sickly-looking gentleman, in an invalid chair and a false mustache, who presided over an exhibition of his pictures at a cocktail party given by Mr. Bryan Guinness. The cocktails certainly played their part in the affair, so perhaps there was some excuse for the eminent art critics and connoisseurs who came and saw and worshipped at the shrine of Hat. Who this individual was I cannot say, though his breadth of forehead and general demeanor were strangely reminiscent of Mr. Brian Howard, whose father is the chairman of the National Por-

THE unusual advantages of location and the entirely charming interior arrangements of the two to six room apartments, together with the many innovations for comfort and efficiency at 101 West 55th Street are too numerous to list here.

Wood-burning fireplaces, cedar closets, electric dish washers, refrigeration, incinerator, large foyer halls and detached package delivery room for the reception of supplies entirely outside of apartment proper are but a few of the interesting ones.

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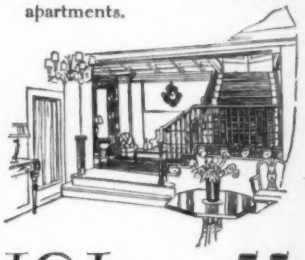

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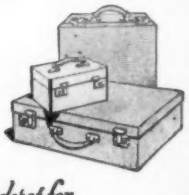

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trait Society. The pictures were the sort of thing that any modernist painter could toss off in his sleep, and were appropriately labelled "Portrait of My Brother," "Leda and the Swan," and so forth. Leaflets describing the life and early troubles of Mr. Hat were scattered about the room, together with a decorous eulogy in a fulsome manner entitled "Approach to Hat." Several of the pictures were actually sold—one to Lytton Strachey.

THESE garden parties at Buckingham Palace are strange affairs. None but the English could produce their peculiar blend of democracy with royalist tradition. And now that our masters are in power a Royal Garden Party has acquired new ingredients: portly gentlemen with hot foreheads, and their wives, to whom they publicly refer as "the Missus" or even "Mother." A suggestion of Lancashire kitchens, that accords strangely with the palace liveries and general air of pomp, has been introduced. I fancy that the King's guests are not altogether happy at these affairs, for there are no introductions performed and there is nothing to do but fetch ices from the marquee and wander about the grounds with the expression of people who have found their way by mistake into the National Gallery or the South Kensington Museum.

These grounds are considerably larger than would seem possible; they stretch the whole distance from Hyde Park Corner to Victoria. There are lawns and a lake and other unsuspected discoveries to be made. The unfortunate uninvited have no idea of the secluded territories within, for the wall is high; though from a Grosvenor Place bus an excellent view may sometimes be obtained of some very fine chickens which the King keeps in a wire-netted run. The King was ill during the last garden party, and it was the Queen alone who went forth the customary half-hour after the assembly of the guests and passed among them with a word here and there. But the King's face could be seen part of the time watching from his window, and the temptation to nudge and point was almost too much for some of our most worthy ministers.

There are no uniforms at a Royal Garden Party, but the top-hat ensemble is universal. Labor has, of course, taken kindly to the "King-dickey and doo-dahs." Mr. Thomas wears evening dress on the slightest provocation.

Speaking of functions, the crown-

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ing humiliation was reserved for Robin Littlewood. "S. R. L." is our most influential dramatic critic, for he writes for so many papers that his word on any play amounts almost to a sentence of life or death. In addition to this distinction, he is so like William Shakespeare that one might almost imagine his parents did it on purpose. Unfortunately, since the weather was hot, he attended the garden party in a straw hat, and when the Royal party emerged from the palace he was approached by a magnificent person in silk calves and gold braid and requested to stand behind a tree.

IF the grandiose project of a new bridge across the Thames at Charing Cross goes through (as seems quite likely), resulting in the removal of the railway station to the south side of the river, old Father Thames will begin to come into his own. The hideous wharves and warehouses immediately facing the very heart of the metropolis may well be allowed to disappear, but the destruction of the "Old Vic" will be a thing to mourn. We have grown so used to her presence that it is difficult to see how London can be the same without her. She began life as a low music hall, the lowest of the low, but in 1914 Lilian Baylis carried out the idea of acquiring her for the production of Shakespeare. Since that time the occasional sallies to the strange hinterland of the New Cut, with its barrows and naphtha flares, have assumed the semblance of pious pilgrimages. Many famous actresses started there, notably Miss Sybil Thorndike who drew three pounds a week as leading lady while her husband fought in the war. But most of all we shall regret the passing of a picture, of the weird mingling of "fevvered" ladies and cropped intelligentsia, of tall hats and mokes and men in chokers, of the cloaks of pretty women, and dead cabbages rotting in the gutter. It was the last link with the old London, when the slums rubbed shoulders with the West End, after the hour of midnight had chimed release from social distinctions, and toughs and toffs foregathered at the coffee stall. —A. G.

•

BENJAMIN DECASSERES is the author of numerous books. (Casseres has the accent on the first syllable, which is pronounced exactly like Mass).—*The American Mercury.*

His spelling it with a "c" is what throws everybody off.

THE RACE TRACK

Whichone and Boojum—
More Starting Woes—
Aquastella's Alabama

SOME of our richer and more advertised races for two-year-olds are more notable for the number of mediocre horses that have won them, but the Saratoga Special is invariably an index to what we call class and its winners are those of the classics to come. For this reason I believe we have seen the juvenile of the year in Harry Whitney's Whichone, who strode home half-a-dozen lengths in front of his field in the Special last Saturday. Hampered at the start when Broadway Limited, beside him, became tangled in the tapes as the barrier went up, Whichone was last at the turn off the backstretch, but he swept around his field in the next quarter to win in a canter over a track that was trappy with mudholes.

A fortnight ago, I expressed the opinion in these notes that Whichone would be a better colt than his stablemate, Boojum, in races over a distance of ground; and I do not think he will play me false. In view of his race in the Special I'm quite certain he would have won the United States Hotel Stakes the week before had he not been withdrawn because of the death of his trainer, James Rowe.

Boojum is probably the fastest horse in training, certainly the fastest two-year-old, but he does not change his stride on the turns and his high speed makes him run out. Moreover, he is high-strung and hard to handle, both in the stable and on the track. Whichone is a smooth-actioned, level-headed colt who does no more than is required but does that well. His victory was particularly gratifying to James Rowe, Jr., who has succeeded his father, and to his owner, who received word of the victory, and the gold cup the colt won, at Cady Hill, his Saratoga cottage.

POOR starting has marred our racing all season. Joe Widener tried the Australian barrier at Belmont Park, and we had the stall gates at Aqueduct, and now here at Saratoga we have Mars Cassidy's own barrier,

Despite teeth of flashing whiteness

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

***As the penalty for neglect, 4 out of 5 are Pyorrhea's victims**

DANGER seems so remote when teeth are sound and white. But too often appearances are deceiving. Remember, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And there is a dread disease that ignores teeth and attacks the gums. It is Pyorrhea. It is insidious. It is ruthless. And 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay its price. Their health is ravaged. Beauty and youth are sacrificed.

When diseases of the gums are once contracted only dental care can stem their advance. But you can avail yourself of preventive measures. Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously. Use the dentifrice made for the purpose . . . Forhan's for the Gums.

This dentifrice helps to firm gums, keep them sound and so aid in warding off Pyorrhea. As you know, this disease seldom attacks healthy gums. In addition, you will be delighted with the way this dentifrice cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay.

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Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

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which is a modification of the Australian gate. Discussion of starters and starting almost spoiled the evening at the Saratoga Special Dinner, and then the next afternoon we saw two horses left at the post—one in a steeplechase and another in a three-horse race. That the animal in the latter event was Walter Salmon's Display lessens the blame on the men at the barrier, for this Fair Play horse is the most untractable in training. I believe Display has marred more races by his bad barrier manners than any two or three horses in the last decade, and were he not a stake horse he would be outlawed on almost every track. However, with Display out of the running, Walter Jeffords' Suburban winner, Bateau, won the Whitney Stakes, though the Greentree Stable's Comstockery ran her to a head all the way.

I'M sure it was delightful for Mrs. Ambrose Clark and her friends to see her Aquastella in front all the way in the Alabama Stakes. I was peeking behind the scenes the morning of that race and my feet led me to Max Hirsch's barn. As I neared a stall I heard Max calling on high Heaven to witness the incompetence of all stable help. "Fifty-four men on the payroll and not one around to get a horse ready for a race!" Max pulled off his coat and threw it on the grass. His woolly waistcoat followed, and while his stable foreman held Aquastella's halter her trainer rubbed his menthol and camphor lotion on her legs and massaged them for half an hour. A rest for the filly and then more lotion and massage, and so on till post time. The efficacy of the treatment was evidenced in the race, for Aquastella galloped to such good purpose that she left her field dizzy behind her.

MAN O' WAR is still a topic among horsemen, though it is nearly a decade since he carried silks. Leaning over the rails of Oklahoma Track one morning, we were talking of what each of us would have done with him had we owned him when he was four years old. One said he would have sent him to Ascot to run for the Gold Cup.

"I suppose you would have made a jumper out of him," said John Madden to Thomas Hitchcock.

"I suppose so," said Hitchcock, with a smile.

COLONEL TANTIVY MARTINGALE informs me his yearlings will not be offered for sale here this season.

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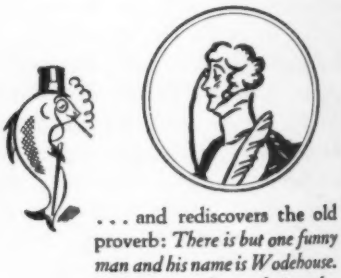

. . . and rediscovers the old proverb: *There is but one funny man and his name is Wodehouse.* "He goes right on being the gayest and most spontaneous of them all. The only thing to say about FISH PREFERRED is to advise you to get the book, and then expect to be shot down for trying to read aloud the little incident of the tennis balls and the prize pig."

Fish Preferred
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The Case of the Captain of Marines

•

Last season there was an epidemic of robberies at fashionable Park Avenue social affairs. Mrs.———retained McIntyre to prevent unknowns from crashing her daughter's coming-out party. He discovered that a professed Captain of Marines was in reality a Captain of Crime, by noting that the "Captain's" military cap was stuffed with paper—to make it fit. McIntyre will quickly and confidentially solve any personal or business matter requiring secret investigation. He has been retained by hundreds to whom publicity is distasteful—but who desire to end unpleasant conditions quickly and surely. *Unimpeachable references.*

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ALFRED · A · KNOPF

Publisher New York

"They're too short-coupled in the prices, suh," he said. The yearling sales have the same glamour as in other years, but I was surprised that Admiral Grayson's Starflight colt, a half-brother to Broadway Limited—who brought $65,000 last year—went for $22,000, and the sale of the colt by Epinard—it was reserved at $11,000—is quite a drop from that of $75,000 for New Broom, whose début is again postponed.

THE Honourable George is on the trail of a mystery: the lost blue canoe from the lake in the infield. All four swans have returned. And do you know that Joe Leiter's racing colors are yellow with a green ladder front and back . . . and Willis Sharpe Kilmer sits with a yes-man on each side . . . and Ogden Mills is using a split-second watch in the mornings . . . and John Hylan has joined the paddock parade . . . and McAtee is the best golfer among the jockeys and trainers?

—AUDAX MINOR

•

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS

A birthday's bad enough in any case,
But ponder on these gifts from gentlemen:
A jeune-fille bouquet in a frill of lace
(Picture me going swiss-and-sash again!);
A tulle-tied box of bonbons—very French
(I fancy sacks of gumdrops, slightly stale);
And literature for ladies (I'm a wench),
Including Poetry—my major wail;
A petulant and yipping Pekinese
(The family hound will eat it any day);
Two little love birds in their gilded ease
(Our Feathered Friends leave me unmoved, distrait);
Grand English gloves—six pairs—but *not* my size. . . .
Where are you, God? Hear my low broken cries!

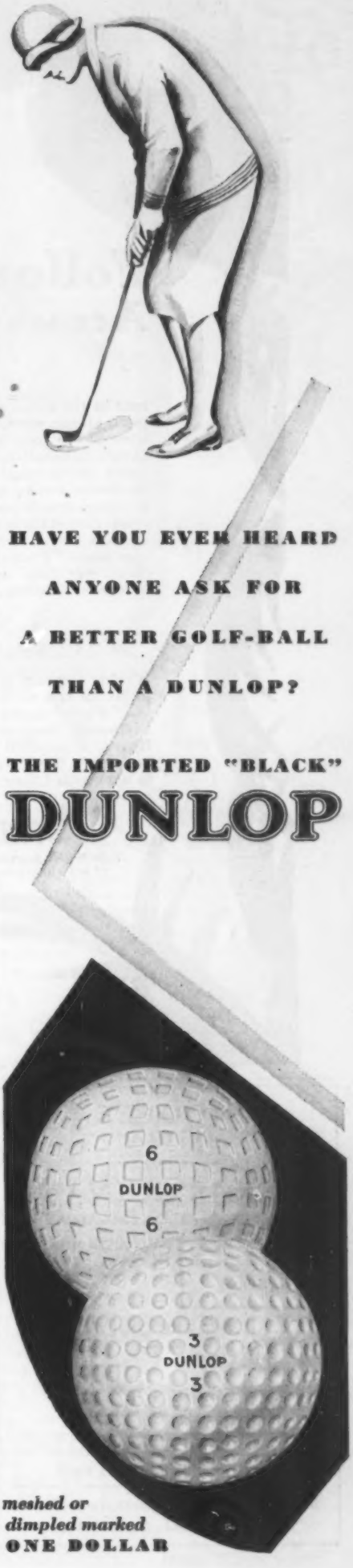
—JACQUELINE EMBRY

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Dublin (Ga.) Press*]

Hurried preparations were made for the operation and immediately after death it was performed successfully. Julius Caesar and a southerner, General Robert E. Lee, were two famous personages who were brought into the world as a result of this operation.



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Salisbury Plains—otn
—Gambling Golf Fat

AS Gene Sarazen tramped over the dried and sun-tarnished fairways at Salisbury he looked as confident and dapper as he always does, and he played neither better nor worse than usual. He might easily have led the field by five or six strokes. However, it has been Sarazen's misfortune this summer to be beaten by the inspired moments of less consistent golfers. He was pressing the leaders at Winged Foot. He was close to the top in the Metropolitan Open at Lido. Whenever he enters a tournament he is in the first five at the finish; but he is seldom first.

His contest with Mac Smith for the Long Island title was a match in every sense but the official one; before the third round started, the outcome of the tournament had become a personal issue, and it offered comparison between two opposing traditions in golf. Smith is one of the Carnoustie stylists who believe an approach is bungled if a blade of grass comes up with the ball. He is methodical, yet easily put off his game; he plays deliberately, almost indolently, with an abstracted air, as if his mind were busy with remote, difficult stratagems. Sarazen is abrupt, aggressive, and good-humored; he works hard at golf, trying for results and usually getting them. His 66 in the third round was one of the finest performances anyone ever put on. It's odd that a fellow who can play like that should have to be repeatedly content with the lean honors of a runner-up.

SINCE the Metropolitan Open I have found out some more about Arthur Potter, the Brooklyn boy who was disqualified after he had turned in a 64 at Lido.

He first took up the game at the Marine and Field Club, where he caddied for a while and later obtained the lost-ball concession. At most clubs this wouldn't be worth much, but it was valuable at the Marine and Field because the course there has so many water hazards. Arthur Potter built up a profitable business by getting balls out of the ponds and selling them. He hired a corps of urchins to work for him on a commission basis. He thought up other ways of making money.

AND GREEN

laims—otnote on Potter
g Gol Father and Son

Dabbled with mud, wearing a ragged bathing suit, he would loll beside one pond with an air of having come there for the swimming. When a foursome played up to him he would announce with assumed facetiousness that for five dollars he could lay a ball on the next green, two hundred and fifty yards away. If no one in the foursome was sport enough to take him up he brought his price down to two-fifty. Practice had made him able to reach the green three times out of five.

Lads with a flair for gambling rarely play in golf tournaments. They find it more profitable to dub around a course in sevens and eights in the hope of luring some unwary person into a stake-match. Potter's home course was once the scene of memorable matches between the late Frankie Yale and Cannonball Eddie Martin. They played without handicap for stakes that were never announced. One of the greatest money players in the game is Leo P. Flynn who, disgusted with the scores turned in by famous golfers in the Open at Winged Foot, boldly offered to play anyone in the tournament, including Bobby Jones. The side-bet was to be ten thousand dollars and Flynn's handicap a stroke a hole. There were no takers, which is not surprising since, when he wants to, Flynn can get around a course in the low seventies.

TITANIC THOMPSON, in addition to the legend that now surrounds him, has achieved the reputation of being the most ingenious of all gamblers in finding ways to employ his talents on the links. Once, playing with someone who had been beating him all day, he found a way to win back his losses. Pointing to a dog trotting beside a twosome on an adjacent fairway, he suddenly offered doubles or quits that the dog would bark before he played his next shot. His opponent, deciding that the dog looked pretty quiet, had hardly taken the bet when the dog began to bark and, pricking up his ears, raced over the rough. In front of him bobbed the white tail of the rabbit Thompson had seen before anyone else, and which had suggested to him a way to make money.

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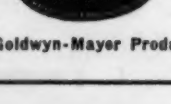

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Productions

tiss Field monotonously wheeling over Salisbury. . . . Mac Smith studying his long putts with an expression of hopelessness, and sinking most of them. . . . The tiny pale green frogs in the sandy hollows. . . . The gallery looking for Sarazen's ball on the eighth. . . . Sarazen finding it himself. . . . Johnny Farrell in a blue tweed suit, leaving the clubhouse at Lido with his mother. . . . The soft-drink stands under beach umbrellas. . . . The caddies sitting in the officials' chairs around the first tee. . . . Mehlhorn's yellow tie. . . . Conversation between two strangers following Eddie Driggs: "I hear Eddie's son can play too." "You bet he can." "His father plays too, doesn't he?" "Oh, some." "I heard that he was fine." "Why, that's—I mean, my name is Driggs. I'm Eddie's old man myself." —N. B., Jr.

•

LINES TO A FLIPPANT POET

You wear your flippancy and rakish hat
As a bright armor—even I see that.
Besides, it's smart to be a bit risqué—
A fashion set, you know, by Miss Millay.

You are a lovely thing, with brooding eyes
That look up quite determinedly slantwise;
Because, I think, you are afraid you'll see
The things your nose sniffs at disdainfully.

Your mouth is big and beautiful and quirks
So tenderly it jams the whole damn works.
You are a whistler in the dark. You care
Too much to say it all—you do not dare!

You tell us many things you do not tell—
And we think you're devilish as hell!

—Ethel Arnold Tilden

•

George Simons of 1412 East Street complained to the police today that a dog killed 20 chickens last night. Home made chicken pie supper $1. First Cong. Church. Tues. 6 p. m. —*New Britain (Conn.) Herald.*

We too once had a dog that was a good Congregationalist.

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SEASON'S UNDISPUTED MASTERPIECE
NEW MOON The Musical Play Supreme
Brilliant Cast of 150
IMPERIAL Theatre, W. 45 St. Eves. 8:30 sharp Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

ERLANGER'S Theatre, W. 44th St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:30
MURRAY ANDERSON'S ALMANAC
A Revusical Comedy of Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow with Trixie Friganza, Jimmy Savo, Roy Atwell

PLAYHOUSE West 48th St. Eves. 8:50 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30
STREET SCENE

"You're the Cream in My Coffee"
The Musical Comedy Knockout **HOLD EVERYTHING!** Bert Lahr Ona Munson Nina Olivette
BROADHURST West 44 Street. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

JOHN GOLDEN *presents* *Francine Larrimore* in *Let us be gay*
by Rachel Crothers
LITTLE. Eves. 8:50. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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NEWS **LEXINGTON** 51 ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.
Aug. 17, 18, 19: LON CHANEY in "Thunder"; Aug. 20, 21: "HIS CAPTIVE WOMAN" (talking sequences) with Sills and Mackaill; Aug. 22, 23: Eleaner Beardman in "She Goes to War"; Aug. 24, 25, 26: GRETA GARBO in "Single Standard."

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A Comedy by Laurence E. Johnson

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THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE
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GUILD Thea., W. 52d. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Thur. & Sat. 2:40

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HUDSON Theatre. W. 44 St. Ice Cooled. Evs. 8:30. Matinees Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
CONNIE'S
HOT CHOCOLATES
Dance Hit with Baby Cox, Edith Wilson "Jazzlips" Richardson
MIDNIGHT SHOW EVERY TUESDAY

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Cure It With Song—
Hoydens in the Ritz—
X Marks the Spot

EVERY ancient trick of the screen to move an audience to tears is employed in Al Jolson's new vehicle, "Say It with Songs," at Warner Brothers', often with the result, it may be said in print, of stirring them to yawns. The picture is a long, blatantly sentimental piece about a radio singer who kills a man in a fit of jealous anger, goes to jail for some years as a result, sings to his fellow convicts about birdies and violets, is released at last only to see his son run over by a truck and paralyzed. Even the fantastically happy ending, when the sound of his voice cures the child of aphasia, does not eradicate the general impression of dreary and specious tragedy.

When he is let alone, Jolson's songs are rendered with the gusto which has made him celebrated, and the photography is more tactful with him than in his earlier pictures. Davey Lee, as the little son whose spinal column is so susceptible to his father's voice, is one of the best child actors on the screen. But even those who thrive and grow hearty on the tears wrung from them by doings on the stage and screen may very well find this picture a little too much for them. I should like to see Jolson in something less sombre. I wish he would give the tragic muse the air.

THE week, however, has not been lacking in entertainment. There is, for instance, the delightful performance of Norma Shearer as the lady burglar in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," at the Capitol. Miss Shearer plays the part that Ina Claire played on the stage, with beauty and humor, and makes it entirely plausible that those haughty hostesses whose pearls she designs to pilfer should hasten to invite her to their weekends. As this picture is a drawing-room comedy of high life, dependent largely upon the interchange of badinage and banter over teacups, the success of the talking ma-

"all quiet

on the vest and front" observed the clever cinema customer "but my taste runs to the entertainment eye-openers served at

the rivoli—united artists

where hal skelly "skids" along, with nancy carroll absorbing the shocks in "burlesque", known to you, me and paramount as "the dance of life;" high stepping to the tune of color, talk and what not

the rialto

excitement is high—whispers are low—hi lo! whatchee "the mysterious dr. fu manchu"...plenty of chills among the chinks; paramount supplying both

the criterion

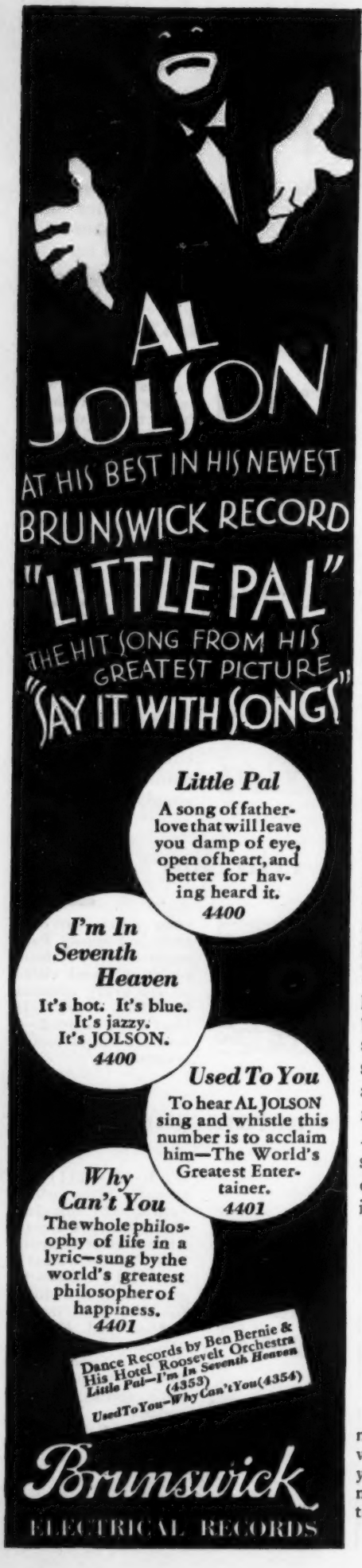
your amusement nest is happily furnished with "four feathers" and visited by every animal but the stork — if that's an animal — paramount again responsible

the paramount

we find william poweli, alias philo vance, still dogging the fading greenes in "the greene murder case," paramount's audible salute to steamship van dine. for the multitude, hot or cold, is paul ash, manfully melodious . . . jesse crawford burns his pipes with some panting notes!

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres


AL JOLSON
AT HIS BEST IN HIS NEWEST
BRUNSWICK RECORD
"LITTLE PAL"
THE HIT SONG FROM HIS GREATEST PICTURE
"SAY IT WITH SONGS"
Little Pal
A song of father-love that will leave you damp of eye, open of heart, and better for having heard it.
4400
I'm In Seventh Heaven
It's hot. It's blue. It's jazzy. It's JOLSON.
4400
Used To You
To hear AL JOLSON sing and whistle this number is to acclaim him—The World's Greatest Entertainer.
4401
Why Can't You
The whole philosophy of life in a lyric—sung by the world's greatest philosopher of happiness.
4401
Dance Records by Ben Bernie & His Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra
Little Pal—I'm In Seventh Heaven (4353)
Used To You—Why Can't You (4354)
Brunswick
ELECTRICAL RECORDS

chinery should be noted. The lines, the *mots* and epigrams, manage very well. Of course there are lapses. Sometimes the voices fade mysteriously to a whisper; again, they rise to an unseemly shout, more like the voices of the hoydens in the Ritz bar than those of ladies in an English manor, with heavily insured pearls, but the average is agreeable and natural.

THEN there is "The Greene Murder Case," the second Van Dine mystery to be screened. Those addicts who love to nestle down for a cosy shudder over tales of horror are going to enjoy these mystery movies. This one, in my opinion, is better than the book. The paralyzing nonsense that the astute Philo Vance persists in declaiming in the volume is blessedly absent from the film. He seems a really possible human being there, and his presence on the spot where the body is found does not remove all the charm. The story of the baneful and unfortunate family forced to inhabit the great mansion on the East River instead of individual apartments in separate buildings is presented satisfactorily, and incidentally with humor that the book did not contribute.

AT the Little Carnegie they have an amusing bill, including "Pusher-in-the-Face," from a sketch by Scott Fitzgerald, a very slight affair and almost ruined by abominable talking machinery, yet witty and rather original. The feature picture of the bill, "Night Club," is from Katherine Brush's story, one of the best of the past season, and depicts the sinister note that underlies the noisy gaiety of pleasure. Half Broadway seems represented, though in the picture the stars are allotted only fugitive flashes. Fannie Brice sings a song, as does Bobbe Arnst, and Donald Ogden Stewart speaks a prologue, most delicately indicating that the main set of the playlet is to be in the ladies' rest-room.

—J. C. M.

I would like to start a mail order business and I have a very good prescription which is a sure cure for drunkenness. Do you think I could sell this through the mail? Could you suggest anything better?—*The Evening Graphic.*

Yes. Bottle openers.

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MOTORS

Taxi News—Bassos in the Horn Symphony—Front-Drive Auburn

WE note the arrival of the new and different Yellow Cabs with a caution due to a certain wonder as to where this refining process will end.

These new machines have all the smartness of private cars—on the outside. However, a city ruling forbidding cloth upholstery compels the use of leatheroid in the interiors, the idea being that cloth carries germs. This obviously precludes anything new and luxurious in the line of cloth fittings; though why cloth should carry any more germs than leatheroid is a mystery. The standard Yellow (now a General Motors product) has a radiator and hood suggestive of Oldsmobile, while the molding and roof are in the manner of Nash. Rather handsome is the Metropolitan model. The windshield is perpendicular and is framed in heavy nickel; and the car has wire wheels with nickel hubs, the spare wheels being carried in fender wells.

All this gives an impression of great swank until one observes the driver. Will the present-day cabman be quite at home at the wheel of one of these superior and formal carriages?

Yellow's efforts are most commendable, but as yet no one has achieved the perfect taxi. For one thing, there should be a cigarette-lighter on each side of the compartment. Another reform should be a reduction in the present noise. Whether one is in the cab or in the street a smooth-purring engine is preferable to the incessant spitting of the muffler cut-outs now in use. Also, the constant dull honking of the bass auto-horns in New York is annoying. What New York needs is the introduction of a few instruments of higher pitch (though not as high as the Paris yappers) to balance the basses in the choir of honkers.

Incidentally, one may purchase press-bulb horns which will produce an engaging variety of tones, at the Times Square Auto Supply Company, or at the Superior Auto Hardware and Equipment Company, both at 245 West Fifty-fifth Street.

INTRODUCTION of the Austin into America this summer (a plant

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for the things you cherish

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Tenant owners who wish life to be as simple as possible will rejoice to find excellent hotel service from the restaurant to be located in the building—rendered easily accessible by special service elevator direct to the apartment.

100% co-operative—ready this Autumn.

The agent at the building will show this apartment already plastered. The elevator is running.

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Drawing by Edward C. Caswell, for "Spanish Towns and People"

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There's lots more to Europe than the Pré Catalan or the Dome, the Savoy or the Lowenbrau . . . yes! There's all of Spain, for instance. And such a country it is! If it's something *different* you want . . . new sights and sounds . . . new thrills and contrasts . . . Spain is for *you!*

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has been opened at Butler, Pennsylvania) has led to much loose chatter about the trend toward small cars. The one significance of this move has little to do with size as such, but does indicate that there is increasing demand for specialized cars. The new Auburn front-drive automobile, by the same token, does not prove a vogue for heavier machines, but merely that a portion of the public is ready to be amused by something different.

Extremely chary of getting too far ahead of the procession, the Auburn engineers and body designers have built a car which differs from the average in appearance only in the radiator. The front of the car is shaped somewhat like a graceful snow-plow with a vertical nickel rod along the ridge. The two halves are slightly wider at the top than at the bottom. The lower third of what is usually radiator space is occupied by a large metal breastplate covering the front-drive mechanism. The car bears the name of the president of the company—it is called the Cord. It sells for around $3,400 in New York, depending on the body style, and compares in size with the "120" Auburn.

There are many features worthy of a second glance. We suspect that the dashboard, for example, was designed by the Estey Organ Company, for here we find an amazing array of controls. Not only is the gearshift lever located on the dash (instead of on the floorboard) but there are also eight buttons, which regulate the starter, spark, throttle, instrument lamp, choke, manifold heat, and two windshield wipers. Above this symphonic arrangement a glove compartment is thoughtfully provided.

THE new mechanical principle of this car, even though radically different from the old, is simple

enough. The motor operates directly on gears on the front axle. The Cord has been able to work out this device without affecting the steering of the front wheels, although there is some difference in "feel" when driving. We do not herald this as the coming method of construction. If it were, it would have become standard in racing cars long ago. However, racing experience has proved that it is a powerful and effective plan of design.

Questions of power aside, it will be interesting to note the effect of the front-wheel drive on the body studios. There is need in modern motors for more headroom and leg-room. With the drive up front there is no need to allow space for a big rear axle, or for housing the driving rod. In other words, the floor of the body can now be right down on the springs and frame, giving the designers six inches more to play around with. A variety of things could be done with those six inches. They could make the roof that much higher, giving more headroom. Retaining standard dimensions, convenient toolboxes and luggage space in the floor of the car could be provided. Auburn has elected to keep the old height from floor to ceiling, making the entire body six inches nearer the ground. The result is a much lower car, without the sacrificing of any of the necessary standard clearance between frame and the road-surface. A cheerful feature of the tonneau is that it does not penalize one for failing to reduce this summer. In fact, the four feet eight inches of shoulder-room will permit two passengers to be both stout and distant.—NICHOLAS TROTT

•

PSEUDONYM

Purple clematis!
Purple hour
In which he called it
Passion flower!
While now
My strong impression is
That he'd refer to it
As clematis.

—RUTH LAMBERT JONES

•

Janet Reade, who plays opposite Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee," is engaged, so she says, to Walter Bachelor, former husband of Ethel Shutta, who had Miss Reade's role before Miss Reade did, and who is now married to George Olsen, the bandmaster.—*The World.*

It's like Brooklyn—you can't keep it straight.

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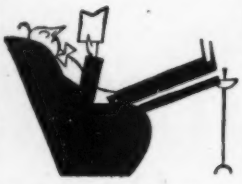
Renaissance



LITERATURE is looking up. There are at least three new novels this week that are worth your attention. First, of course, is "Homeplace," Maristan Chapman's encore to "The Happy Mountain." Mrs. Chapman's second book is not so much a novel as a ballad in prose form. This chronicler of life in the southern mountains writes as though her books were meant to be sung, not read. Capricious Bess Howard of Glen Hazard is a literary descendant of a North-of-England ballad heroine, and Mrs. Chapman tells her romance in archaic English that gives you the feeling of re-learning an old forgotten language.

The joy of Mrs. Chapman's writing lies in the absence of any tourist-like sentimental snobbery. She has none of the "how quaint" attitude of a suburban matron in an antique shoppe. Her hill folk are human beings and not specimens in the collection of a literary lady. And, of course, she has a fine ear for dialect. She writes naturally in a language that, in spite of its strangeness, you feel is a living and spoken tongue. Mrs. Chapman is so completely at her ease in this vocabulary that the glossary at the back of the book is unnecessary for those whose knowledge of the English language goes farther back than the machine-gun and night-club era.

As for the story itself, it is the simplest of romances, and as free of artificial effects as a nursery rhyme. Both plot and setting are innocently and restfully rural. It is good to know that somewhere in this country there are green fields, trees, and streams that aren't part of a golf course, and that there are country people who have not yet started filling-stations and hot-dog stands. Mrs. Chapman catches the shy charm of these hideaway mountaineers who, because of their aloofness, are usually represented as low-grade white savages.

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gasted, by "The Eater of Darkness," which goes around disguised as a mystery book. As a matter of fact the plot idea is perfectly good Philo Vance—a scientist invents an X-ray bullet that is capable of killing an amateur astronomer as far away as Union Hill, N. J.—but there are chapters that would make President Hoover go scarlet. There are passages that would disturb King George, accustomed as he is to the cleanly misdemeanors of Edgar Wallace. Must even our murder stories, the last refuge of the pure-minded, become sex-conscious?

Robert M. Coates, author of "The Eater of Darkness," is a Dadaist. His mystery story is in the Dada style, which means that it has some strange bursts of insane punctuation, a nightmare mood, and a spirit of sustained lunacy. It is a wild carnival of good satire—striking and colorful writing and unrestrained burlesque. But best of all, Dada or not, it has the swift, unexpected, and distorted fun of the early Mack Sennett comedies which were filmed when movies really moved.

FOR the third good book of the week, there is "The Galaxy," by Susan Ertz. Miss Ertz is a young American, but she writes of the English—and in English. Her novel is a study of time and manners, and one to be read lovingly and lingeringly, especially by those who want their characters life-size and full length. It reminds you of Galsworthy and Arnold Bennett; and these aren't words to be written lightly about any novel.

Miss Ertz begins her story with the birth of Laura Deverell in 1862 and takes you all through Laura's warmly human life. As a child, Laura suffers from the stodginess of the London of her time. As a young married woman, she is a victim of the money-grabbing era. As a middle-aged woman she falls in love and, in her gentle way, defies conventions. She lives in sin and contentment, and the nobility of her illicit life, and the fine feeling that prompted her to embrace it, would soften the heart of the Pennsylvania Board of Censors.

There is something of the feeling of Bennett's "Milestones" in this and more than a dash of "The Forsyte Saga." Miss Ertz's pictures of the modes and morals of the decades just past will bring tears to the eyes of those who have sentimental memories of such vanished glories as Turkish cozy

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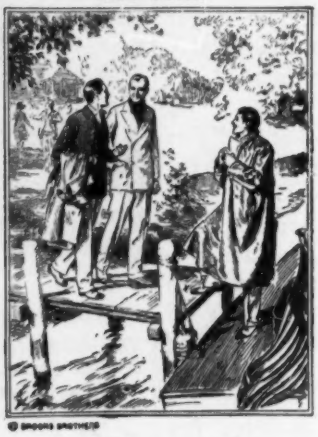

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corners, purple complexion veils, and early Panhard motor cars.

IN "The Fiddler," Sarah Gertrude Millin achieves no more than the outline of a novel. She has the stage-setting for a melodrama that fails to come off. The colorless wife of an English resident in Portuguese East Africa elopes with a no-good violinist in a local orchestra—also an Englishman. As they are escaping, they are obliged to murder, quite casually, the driver of what would be known in this country as the Love Car. All this is a good start for one of those mate-calling-to-mate-with-primitive-passion novels. But unfortunately Miss Millin's characters are nothing but mouse calling to mouse. The fiddler and his lady are two of the most exasperating misfits that ever strayed by accident into a lively plot, and they take all of the gusto out of what might have been a good thriller.

"THE SUN CURE" was written by Alfred Noyes in one of his lighter moments. It is professional capering. A curate with a taste for meretricious modern literature has his clothes stolen during a sunbath and is obliged to roam the English downs for several days without a stole to call his own. Somehow or other, this rowdy adventure cleanses the curate's literary tastes and returns him to his calling with a better appreciation of Beethoven, Wagner, and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Mr. Noyes, of course, is being merely gaily fantastic, and all the frivolity is both high-minded and discreet. The right word for his novel, I believe, is "whimsical." —A. W. S.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

HOMEPLACE, by Maristan Chapman (*Viking Press*). Prose ballad of life in the southern hills. Second novel by the author of "The Happy Mountain."

THE EATER OF DARKNESS, by Robert Coates (*Macaulay*). Mystery story in the Dada manner. If you dismiss it as a freak you'll miss some rare comedy.

THE GALAXY, by Susan Ertz (*Appleton*). The manners and morals of three generations reflected in the life of a warmly human heroine.

THE FIDDLER, by Sarah Gertrude Millin (*Horace Liveright*). Good melodrama ruined by soggy characters.

THE SUN CURE, by Alfred Noyes (*Cosmopolitan*). Whimsical, that's what it is.

THREE LOVES, by Max Brod (*Knopf*). Moral depression in Austria, and the love affair of two pathological cases.

POOR DEVIL, by Henry Justin Smith (*Covici, Friede*). The tragedy of an idealist in a big city.

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY, by Ellen Glasgow (*Doubleday, Doran*). Ironic spoofing of three Fallen Ladies.

AN IMPERFECT LOVER, by Robert Gore Browne (*Doubleday, Doran*). A domestic tragedy that varies between good writing and the curse of cheap fiction.

Less recent:

THE UNLIT LAMP, by Radclyffe Hall. OVERSHADOWED, by Eugene Löhrke. HUNKY, by Thames Williamson. WAR, by Ludwig Renn. THE WAVE, by Evelyn Scott. PAYING GUESTS, by E. F. Benson. SEE HOW THEY RUN, by Helen Grace Carlisle. THE SEVEN VICES, by Guglielmo Ferrero. FISH PREFERRED, by P. G. Wodehouse.

MYSTERIES

Some recent ones more or less entertaining

MURDER AT BRATTON GRANGE, by John Rhode (*Dodd, Mead*). . . . THE DAIN CURSE, by Dashiell Hammett (*Knopf*). . . . THE FOURTH FINGER, by Anthony Wynne (*Lippincott*). . . . GRIM VENGEANCE, by J. J. Connington (*Little, Brown*). . . . A SILENT WITNESS, by R. Austin Freeman (*Dodd, Mead*).

GENERAL

NORAVIND, by Dudley Vail Talcott (*Edwin Valentine Mitchell, Hartford, Conn.*). A young sculptor in the modern manner writes and draws himself a book about his adventures. Caviar for collectors.

THE GREAT MARY CELESTE HOAX, by Laurence J. Keating (*Houghton Mifflin*). A fascinating explanation of one of the greatest sea mysteries.

UNCLE SHAM, by Kanhaya Lal Gauba (*Times Publishing Company of Lahore*). Dirty look for dirty look in the Mother India controversy. One of the best comic volumes.

AN ENGLISHMAN DEFENDS MOTHER INDIA, by Ernest Wood (*Ganesh & Company of Madras*). In case you're still seriously interested.

LONG ISLAND'S STORY, by Jacqueline Overton (*Doubleday, Doran*). Modestly described as a history for children, but really of wider interest.

A CONVERSATION WITH AN ANGEL, by Hilaire Belloc (*Harper*). Collection of lazy essays.

Less recent:

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE, by Madame E. de Gramont. THE DIARY OF A RUM-RUNNER, by Alastair Mornay. THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY, by Juanita Tanner. FROM DEAUVILLE TO MONTE CARLO, by Basil Woon. POPE OR MUSSOLINI, by John Hearley. EFFECTIVE CONJURING, by Will Blyth.

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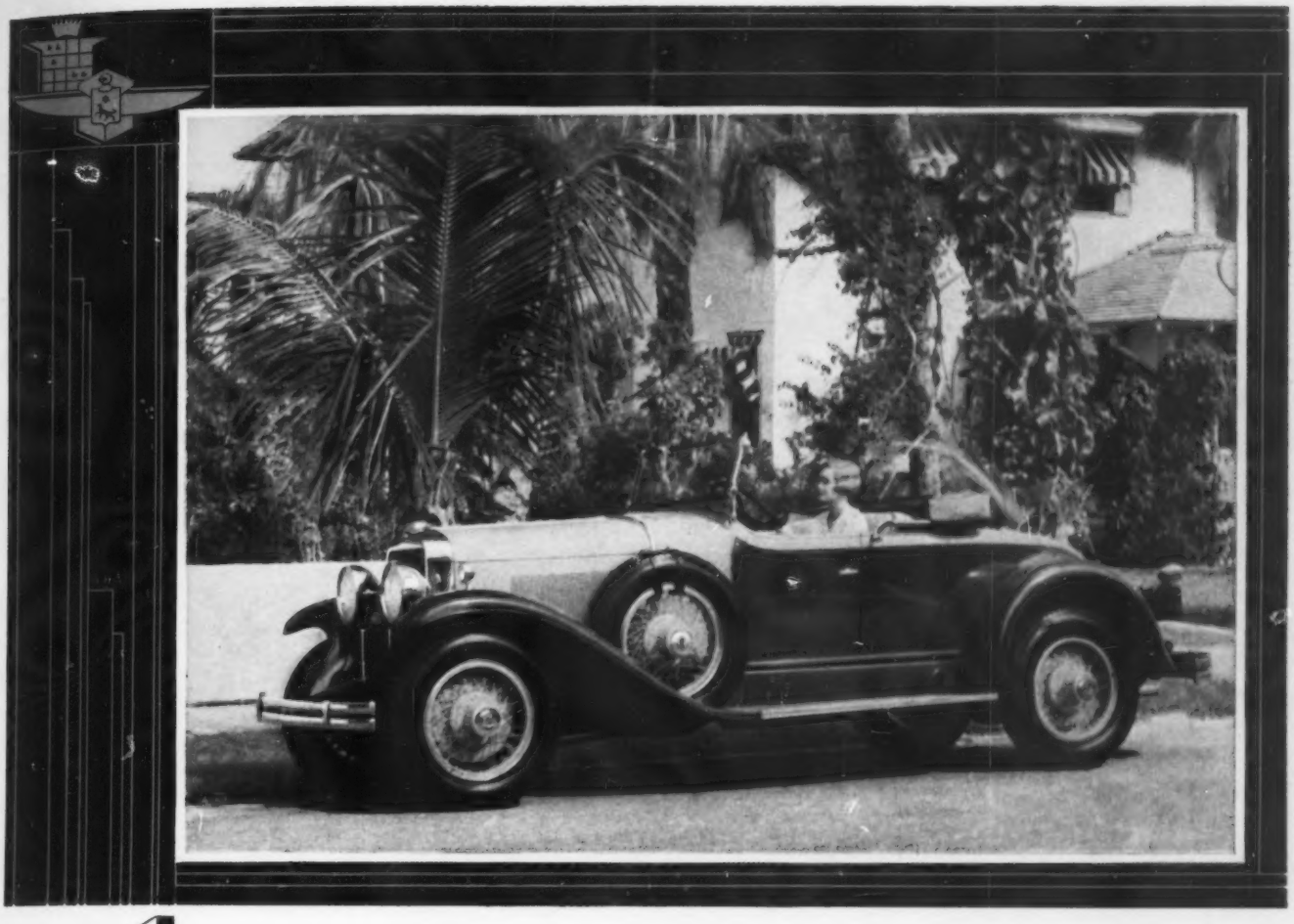

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